MacArthur: Past and Present

The Reporter

May 29, 1951

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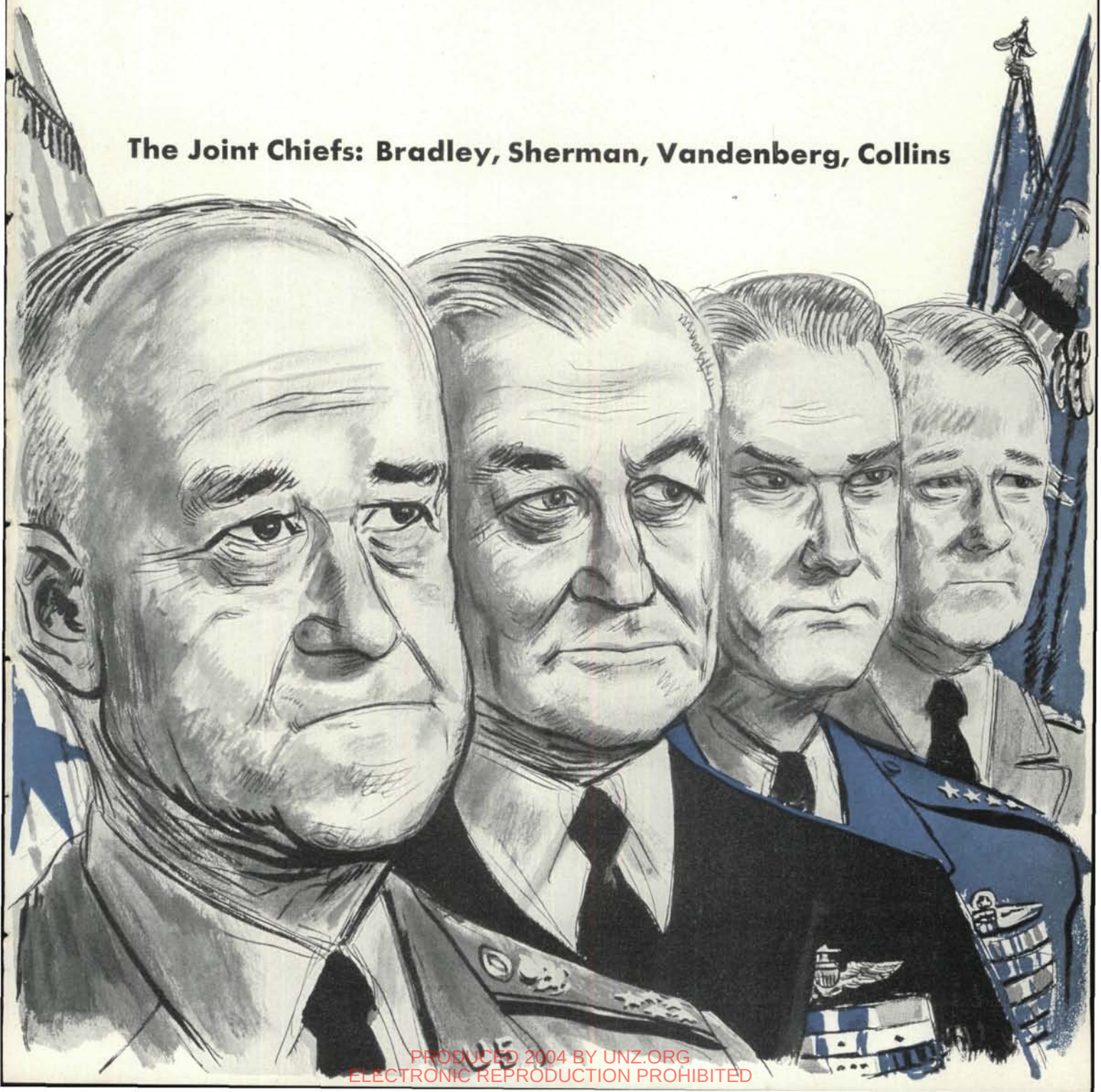

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Middle Eastern Oil: Ras Ramura refinery in Saudi Arabia

Riflemen patrolling a pipeline in Iran during the Second World War

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REPORTER'S NOTES

Wedemeyer on Chiang

Now that the spotlight has again been turned on his report, there seems to be a widespread impression that General Wedemeyer has always advocated a policy diametrically opposed to that of the Administration. Since the general is bound to be widely quoted, we would like to single out a few passages that may be widely neglected. (The report, of course, was written in 1947):

"There were justifiable reasons for these policies [in China] . . . we were withholding unqualified support from a government [Chiang Kai-shek's] within which corruption and incompetence were so prevalent that it was losing the support of its own people."

Or:

"Extension of military aid by the United States to the National Government might possibly be followed by similar aid from the Soviet Union to the Chinese Communists, either openly or covertly—the latter course seems more likely. . . . There is always the possibility that such developments in this area, as in Europe and the Middle East, might precipitate a third world war."

Outside the report, Wedemeyer had this to say about Formosa: "In Formosa there are many so-called political offenders who are still in prison without any charges or sentences. Some have been released but only after paying large sums of money and being required to sign a statement to the effect that they were guilty of an offense against the government. Actually in their hearts and minds they did not feel that they were guilty of such offense. Secret police operate widely, very much as they do in Russia and as they did in Germany. People disappear. Students are thrown into jail. No trials and no sentences. Actions of this nature do not win support for the government. Quite the contrary."

Priorities

William O'Dwyer, Ambassador to Mexico and former Mayor of New York, may or may not have taken ten thousand dollars from a man named Crane on the steps of Gracie Mansion. At any rate the Kefauver Committee has criticized O'Dwyer severely for tolerating criminals in New York. "I did the best I could with a bad situation," O'Dwyer kept saying disconsolately at the hearings.

Those who were both fascinated and frightened by the televised specter of organized crime would like to fix the responsibility quickly, punish the villain, and have done with the whole sordid business. For some reason, Ambassador O'Dwyer, and not the criminals he seems to have tolerated, appears to be their principal target.

The men with the funny names—"Greasy Thumb" Guzik, "Cockeyed Louie" Farrell, and the rest—have become blurred in the popular imagination, as if they were last year's victims of Dick Tracy. Frank Costello, after a restful trip to Florida and a sympathetic interview with Walter Winchell, has sunk back into comparative obscurity.

The way to stop crime in the United States, according to some newspapers, is for Truman to recall O'Dwyer from Mexico City. Perhaps he should. A public official who fails to prevent crime and corruption violates a public trust. But while we are busy punishing the man who tolerated criminals, we had better not let the criminals themselves make their getaway.

There they go now!

The Art of Dismissal

When it came to disposing of political or military appointees who had outlived their usefulness, the late President Roosevelt was actually helped by his alleged incapacity for firing people. He simply could not get around to it, and hardly anybody ever quite left his Administration—particularly during the war.

In the days of Roosevelt, when a man was removed from a high office, he received a lofty, ill-defined mandate, often in a faraway land, or else a high rank in another department. Roosevelt's whole nature reacted against giving public figures, or their friends, the shock of summary firing. F.D.R. was a past master of the art of making people fade away.

With Mr. Truman, as we all know, the case is different. He has patience—sometimes more than people give him credit for—but at a certain moment he reaches his saturation point. Then he doesn't seem to see any of the intermediate steps that might soothe a man's vanity. He just explodes. Because of his strange mixture of endurance, loyalty, and occasional explosiveness, Mr. Truman always seems to have a backlog of firing. As a matter of fact, it is getting heavier and heavier.

Perhaps the President could usefully study the methods of his great predecessor. He might start by drawing up a list of assignments that could be given to men in high position so that they could render even "greater service to our country." For instance, one such job might be to devise a plan for the complete eradication of gambling; another, to map out common legislation for all the American republics on freedom of the press and citizens' rights.

A most worthwhile, and time-consuming, task for some distinguished public servant would be an investigation of how to provide at least a measure of freedom for the Spanish people without actually removing Generalissimo Franco.

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Correspondence

Preventive Armament

To the Editor: It is always thrilling to discover a new magazine. Today I discovered *The Reporter*. Doubtless everyone else has been aware of this fine magazine for a long time, but I wasn't; and I find it quite refreshing in its point of view and factual presentation of material on the world situation.

The editorial "The Present Danger" impressed me greatly. I would like to quote these lines because they seem to express the pith of the article: "We may lose all we have if we do not arm enough, and we may lose ourselves, all our nation has always stood for, if we arm thoughtlessly."

How then are we to arm thoughtfully? It seems to me the answer is that we must arm with an expressed purpose which is morally right, practicable, and appealing to our own people and to the people of the rest of the world. That purpose should be, as I see it, to prevent a third World War without appeasement, and to strengthen the United Nations into a limited federal government for the world.

Let us tell the people of all nations, by every means at our command, that we stand for a U.N. with teeth in it—a U.N. with power to enact, interpret, and enforce world laws against aggression and against preparations for aggression. Let us make it clear that we stand ready to sacrifice—and to fight, if necessary—for the attainment of this goal. But let us emphasize over and over again that our objective is peace—a just peace under enforceable law—with honor and without appeasement. For only by so doing can we win the battle for the hearts and minds of men and stop the perilous drift toward totalitarianism and war which now threatens us with extinction.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
La Canada, California

Japanese Anti-Reds

To the Editor: We, the members of the Japan Editors' Club, have the pleasure to extend our hearty respect and appreciation to you who, as one of the stage promoters for the grandiose drama of world civilization, are exerting your utmost effort steadily and courageously.

When one looks into the international state of affairs one cannot help seeing that the struggle between peace-loving, constructive democracy on one side and bellicose, destructive Communism on the other is gaining daily in ferocity.

Assuming that we are asked to declare our own position in this chaotic confusion and hostility, we, the members of the Japan Editors' Club, which is the sole cultural body of its sort organized by authoritative editors and editorial staffs of various periodical magazines in this country, will declare our willingness to support democracy without a moment's hesitation.

However, we regret to say that totalitarian activities in Japan are never negligible, that they are eagerly sneaking into every class of society, particularly those of naive younger generations, with their treacherous, crafty tactics of propaganda and persistent subversive activities. The totalitarianists, alias Communists, in this country are striving with their indoctrinated dogma to take advantage of national embarrassment and exhaustion as well as various political blind spots inevitably created after war. These usages might be their common tactics practiced all over the world, yet in Japan they have been permitted to exercise freely these one-sided maneuvers and have even achieved a certain fruit though it was merely a short-lived victory.

Then, the thoughtful consideration given by the Allied powers—particularly the United States—and the good sense of the Japanese themselves have urged the mass to go away from that kind of totalitarianism.

In order to defend our way of life not only from the outrages of the Red totalitarianists but, further, to release the people who are agonizing under the tyranny, we, from our point of view, are going to wage a battle for real civilization against subversive Communism.

A successful achievement of this battle for humanism, however, requires an elaborate plan founded on refined intelligence and extensive knowledge. You are requested to extend your highly esteemed opinions and rich experiences for the establishment of our policies for the anti-Communist drive.

We believe that we shall be able to salvage our national welfare and security from the destructive plots of Communists and that, in the long run, we shall surely be able to donate something to world peace.

JUN-ICHI HOIDEN
Tokyo, Japan

Dirge for Doug

To the Editor:

The Japanese are now bereft—
Only one Mikado left.

ELEANOR D. BREED
Berkeley, California

'Mare's Nest'

To the Editor: . . . looking over your list of contributors, I find that I have run into a mare's nest of Britishers. Merlo J. Pusey, an editorial writer for the Washington *Post*, is British and Theodore Draper, author of your critical review of *Fortune's* "U.S.A.: The Permanent Revolution," "is a historian" —and an Englishman, too. I know the marks.

VICTORIA L. MUNRO
Fairfax, Virginia

[*"Britisher" Merlo Pusey hails from Woodruff, Utah. He is of Mormon stock. "Englishman" Theodore Draper admits to having been born in the Borough of Kings. Its commoner name is Brooklyn, New York. —The Editors.*]

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

May 29, 1951 Volume 4, No. 11

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Editorial

The Feverish Stalemate

The people who do not like General MacArthur were impatient for him to get home—then, they thought, he would fall flat on his face. They said that distance lends enchantment, that it was one thing for him to call in carefully selected correspondents and answer carefully selected questions, but that he would find it altogether different when he left his privileged sanctuary and came to America. They did not realize that MacArthur is the kind of man who carries his sanctuary with him wherever he goes.

MacArthur returned, and the most extraordinary aspect of his personality became at once visible and compelling. For as soon as he arrived it became apparent that this man, who has no time for the irksome details that must preoccupy the average statesman or general, who addresses himself only to history, has the singular power of making his listeners feel that they themselves are history.

MacArthur's ability to stir up crowds, no matter whether of citizens-at-large or Senators, has given our debate on foreign policy a new and distorted urgency. His conception of the issues has warped the pattern of the debate: Asia looms enormous; Europe has shrunk. Yet MacArthur's terms have been incredibly fragmentary and contradictory. He can say, "I have constantly asked for more troops than I was able to obtain, Senator—from the beginning of hostilities," after having said on Wake Island, "No commander in the history of war has ever had more complete and adequate support from all agencies . . . than I have." To reach his end—the defeat of the Administration—he can proceed, by a sort of logic-hopping, from generalization to inconsistent generalization. The frightening thing is that this attitude of a man who has lived too long isolated threatens to become the attitude of a paranoiac and friendless nation.

As matters stand, only two points are plain. One is that the man who said that he wanted nothing to do with politics has entered American politics with such immediate and persuasive power that overnight he has become the major protagonist of all anti-Administration forces.

He is perhaps no longer someone whom politicians can use. It may be too late for that. He has shown that he wants to play his own game. He has left Senator Taft far behind—an obsolete and timid figure; he has talked as if Mr. Hoover had never spoken; he has caused Senator McCarthy, for the moment, to be almost forgotten. He has embarrassed the Administration as Mr. Taft, and Mr. Hoover, and any number of McCarthys could never hope to. By calling up the deepest passions of impatience, hope, and fear, he is bringing about a new alignment of forces that may transcend party lines.

The second point is this: We are moving toward a dangerous situation in which the Administration and its opponents will be as stalemated as the opposing armies in Korea. As for the Administration, its efforts to achieve a cease-fire are becoming more difficult than ever, for now it could never accept a settlement without being accused of appeasement. Besides, the Administration seems bound to face renewed Congressional haggling, not to speak of sabotage, every time it proposes a new measure of support for our European Allies.

But the opposition too cannot move very far. It can continue to excite the temper of the people, but it cannot hope to have a new Far Eastern strategy or a reinstatement of the old commander decreed by Act of Congress. Moreover, the opposition is still Constitutional: It cannot dream of overthrowing the government by violence. No matter how furious General MacArthur and his supporters get, they will have to wait for a year and a half—till November, 1952.

This feverish stalemate is multiplying the frustration and anxiety the nation feels about the stalemate in Korea. There the Administration has taken the responsibility of proving that limited war, and even a stalemate, may give us honorable substitutes for total war and total victory. We are paying a high price for these substitutes—but our losses in Korea and the suffering of the Korean people, horrible as they are, may prevent far huger losses and vastly wider suffering. The political stalemate, if it continues, can lead only to the progressive enfeebling of the United States in the presence of a remorseless enemy.

Now that the Administration knows the power of MacArthur, it can no longer hope that his case will collapse of its own inconsistencies and confusion. The worst mistake the Administration could make would be to appease its internal opponents—by abandoning its principles piecemeal—in an attempt to evade the charge of appeasing the external enemy.

On the contrary, the Administration is fighting to re-establish the true perspective so that the part—a section of Asia—no longer obscures the whole. It is showing tirelessly that MacArthur's proposals—as he himself repeatedly admits—are not based on global considerations or information; that if we treat our Allies as MacArthur suggests we do, the price we would have to pay in a final conflict with Russia would be immeasurably greater; that the limited struggle in which we are engaged demands terrible sacrifice and iron control of our nerves; but that this struggle presents our best chance for the greatest of rewards—the hard-won establishment of peace.

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MacArthur as Prophet: 'How Wise I Was'

During General MacArthur's testimony before the Congressional committees, Senator Brien McMahon asked the general about a statement he had made in his 1932 report as Chief of Staff. "The national strategy of any war," the statement read in part, ". . . must be made by the head of the state, acting in conformity with the expressed will of Congress. No single departmental head, no matter what his particular function or title, could or should be responsible for the formulation of such decisions. . . . [They] could not be delegated by the Commander in Chief to any subordinate authority. Any such attempt would not constitute delegation, but rather abdication."

General MacArthur commented, "As I look back, Senator, upon my rather youthful days then, I am surprised and amazed how wise I was."

This suggested that it might be valuable to examine the general's record for other examples of the wisdom and foresight he has displayed throughout his military career, not only in war, but also in the periods of peace during which a nation prepares itself for the conflicts that may arise. This is especially important in MacArthur's case since he was the outstanding military leader in the United States between the First and Second World Wars, and Chief of Staff of the Army from late 1930 to late 1935. The years during which he guided the Army's destiny were critical ones. Revolutionary changes were occurring in the armament and military doctrines of several of the world's great powers—Germany, Russia, and Britain in particular. In the United States voices were also raised for a similar modernization. These concepts involved the development of air power, armored warfare, and unification of command of the armed forces. What was MacArthur's contribution to these developments, which were to prove of decisive influence in the Second World War?

On Air Power

In 1925, MacArthur was a member of the court-martial board that tried General William Mitchell for advocating air-power ideas that are now universally accepted.

How MacArthur voted in the trial is a matter of some controversy. But his later treatment of the ideas Mitchell advocated is more eloquent testimony as to his attitude. In his 1932 report as Chief of Staff MacArthur stated:

"Superficial argument has been advanced that if it is in accordance with principles of sound organization to establish separate forces for fighting on land and sea respectively, it is equally in accordance with such principles to set up a separate organization for fighting in the air. While anyone would be bold indeed who would predict that conditions of the remote future will not be such as to make this contention substantially correct, the fact remains that at present the implied analogy is inapplicable. . . .

"With its existing limitations the full value of the air force striking power is realized in the normal case only when its peculiar capabilities are employed in furtherance of the missions of other arms having the power of sustained and relatively permanent effort in action. In this way only can full advantage be taken of the temporary demoralization and material damage inflicted upon the enemy by our own air contingent."

And further: "It must be quite obvious that amalgamation of higher organization and the setting up of an independent air force could not contribute to actual fighting efficiency but would in fact diminish it."

Two years later, greater pressure was exerted against the development of a strong air arm. Under the Air Corps Act of 1926, the air forces had achieved a considerable degree of independence under an Assistant Secretary of War for Air.

In 1933, this post was abolished, and the Air Corps passed back to Army General Staff control in all matters. In testimony before the House Military Affairs Committee, in January, 1934, MacArthur indicated his approval of this move. It was a most

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severe setback to the development of American air power.

The system wiped out under MacArthur's jurisdiction was substantially the one to which we were forced to return during the Second World War. In 1941, the post of Assistant Secretary of War for Air was re-established and the air forces again became semi-independent of direct Army General Staff control.

This lack of recognition of the importance of air power is further evidenced in MacArthur's 1933 report, in which he asked for only $39 million for aircraft as compared with $35 million for the field artillery.

Even the functions of airplanes themselves seem to have been misunderstood by the general. In January, 1934, while plans for the Messerschmitt and Spitfire were already on the drawing boards in their respective countries, and Boeing was building the first Flying Fortress bomber here, MacArthur predicted to the House Military Affairs Committee: ". . . I personally believe that within the next ten years you will probably see such a marked improvement [in aircraft] that one type will do the work that is now divided among three types [fighters, attack planes, and bombers]."

On Armored Warfare

Following the lessons of the First World War, farsighted officers like J. F. C. Fuller in England, Charles de Gaulle in France, and Heinz Guderian in Germany began preaching the doctrine of armored warfare and blitzkrieg. In 1927, Secretary of War Dwight Davis, after visiting Britain's experimental Mechanized Force on Salisbury Plain, ordered the U.S. Army to organize a similar force. Lieutenant Colonel (later Lieutenant General) Adna Chaffee was put in charge.

Chaffee worked hard and intelligently, and by 1931 had developed at Fort Eustis the nucleus of a completely mechanized force. It included not only tanks but also mechanized infantry, engineers, and artillery. Chaffee's work and his sound theorizing on the value of armored forces in exploiting a breakthrough became thoroughly familiar to the German General Staff—with results that are too well known to need comment.

On May 17, 1931, shortly after he became Chief of Staff, MacArthur ordered the mechanized force disbanded. Its armored cars were turned over to the cavalry and its infantry to Fort Benning, while its tanks were divided up among both services.

In justifying this action, MacArthur stated in his 1931 report as Chief of Staff: "There have been two theories advanced to govern the application of mechanization. . . . The first is that a separate mechanized force should be so organized as to contain within itself the power of carrying on a complete action, from first contact to final victory, thus duplicating the missions and to some extent the equipment of all other arms. The other theory is that each of the older arms should utilize any types of these vehicles as will enable it better and more surely to carry out the particular combat tasks it has been traditionally assigned. . . .

"In the initial enthusiasm of postwar thought the first method was considered as the ideal one. . . . This was the controlling idea in the establishment of 'mechanized forces' in our own and other armies, but continued study and experimentation have since resulted in its virtual abandonment. . . .

"Accordingly, during the last year the independent 'Mechanized force' at Fort Eustis has been broken up. The Cavalry has been given the task of developing combat vehicles that will enhance its power in roles of reconnaissance, counter-reconnaissance, flank action, pursuit, and similar operations. One of its regiments will be equipped exclusively with such vehicles. The Infantry will give attention to machines intended to increase the striking power of the Infantry against strongly held positions.

". . . I feel that the continued observance of [this] basic doctrine now promulgated to our Army will have far-reaching and beneficial effects in future training and readiness for emergency."

In his 1932 report, MacArthur further prophesied: "The evolution of the mounted trooper into the mechanized cavalryman will necessarily take place over a considerable period of time, and will become practically complete only when machines have been developed capable of performing every function heretofore devolving upon the horse."

The United States had no armored force at all when Hitler's panzer divisions blitzed the French armies out of existence in May, 1940. In June, 1940—nine years after his original cadre had been disbanded—General Chaffee was finally ordered to re-form his armored force, with which Generals Bradley, Hodges, and Patton were later to work such wonders. (General Chaffee died in 1941.)

MacArthur's limited knowledge of tanks and anti-tank weapons, while he was Chief of Staff, had a retarding effect on American armament which has taken many years to overcome.

In the 1931-1935 period, which set the pattern for our tank program before the Second World War, he called for only light ten-ton tanks armed with machine guns. During the same period the Russians were turning out 31-ton tanks armed with 76-mm. cannon. Nevertheless the general claimed in his 1935 report:

"We have developed models in this type of weapon [tanks and armored vehicles] which are beyond doubt the equal and in some respects probably superior to any others in the world."

He had previously stated: "Sufficiently heavy armor to protect [tanks] from field guns would completely immobilize any machine of usable size" (1932 report). And so the U.S. Army concentrated on thin-skinned armored vehicles.

Yet Russia already had two tanks that could be dealt with only by powerful, special anti-tank artillery.

Regarding defense against armored vehicles, MacArthur in 1934 reported that the .50-caliber machine gun was "the type which, of all weapons so far produced, offers the greatest possibilities for defense against fast-moving tanks and is, in addition, particularly effective against hostile aircraft."

There is no record that the general

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Associated Press

General Douglas MacArthur

ever asked for an anti-tank gun throughout his entire administration. But in a little more than a year after his departure as Chief of Staff, the Russian 45-mm. gun, model 1932, was making hash of light tanks of the MacArthur type in Spain, and shortly thereafter the German Kondor Legion was knocking out big Russian-made 31-ton tanks with their famous 88-mm. rifles.

It is interesting to note that, years later (in December, 1948), General MacArthur called for more infantry divisions to defend Asia and Japan against the Red menace. Although Asia was threatened by Soviet troops with heavy Stalin tanks, and though the presence of T-34s was noted in the North Korean Army before the outbreak of war, MacArthur did not request either modern Pershing or Patton tanks, or the anti-tank guns and big bazookas needed to deal with long-known Russian armor. He just wanted infantry. He was content, as in the past, with light tanks, which proved unable to face the Soviet T-34s. It can be said without exaggeration that during General MacArthur's tenure as Chief of Staff the promising progress being made in aerial and tank warfare not only ended but that the U. S. Army was actually set back several years in both. There is also no mention anywhere in MacArthur's reports of such important developments as airborne warfare, which was in full development in Russia at the time; modern amphibious techniques, which were being perfected jointly by the U. S. Navy and Marines during the years 1922-1935; and rocket development, although the Germans and Russians were well under way in this field before the general had finished his tour as Chief of Staff.

On Unification

In 1924, General Mitchell stated: "The time has come when we must modernize our national defense, teach our people what it means, and organize it in a simple, direct, and efficient manner. This can be brought about by creating a Department of National Defense, with service departments for the Air, the Army, and the Navy."

The Second World War proved the necessity for the closest possible integration of our armed forces, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff was hurriedly set up. Finally, more than twenty years after Mitchell's campaign for unification, the services were actually unified under the Department of Defense as he had prescribed.

MacArthur proved considerably less of a prophet. In his 1932 report he stated:

". . . The line of demarcation between the Army and Navy is clear-cut and permanent in character. . . . Certainly the necessity for tactical cooperation in isolated instances of combined action cannot be considered as a sufficient reason for revolutionary changes in higher organization. . . ."

In his testimony before the Congressional committees on May 5 of this year, MacArthur stated: "I believe it is the gravest possible mistake in the use of the armed forces of a nation to draw lines of demarcation between ground troops, air troops, and navy troops. They are an integrated team. . . ."

The Philippines: 1935–1941

In 1935, after expiration of his term of office as Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, MacArthur went to the Philippines as military adviser to the new Commonwealth. He soon became Field Marshal in command of all its armed forces. His mission for the next six years was to prepare that country against the possibility of war with Japan.

In the fall of 1939 he wrote:

"The maximum expeditionary force that would be launched in aggression

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against these Islands. . . could be more than matched by the Philippine nation.

"It has been assumed, in my opinion erroneously, that Japan covets these Islands. Just why has never been satisfactorily explained. Proponents of such a theory fail fully to credit the logic of the Japanese mind.

"No national reason exists why Japan or any other nations should covet the sovereignty of this country [the Philippines]."

In mid-May, 1941, MacArthur was interviewed by John Hersey, who reported in his book *Men on Bataan:* "If Japan entered the war, he [MacArthur] says, the Americans, the British and the Dutch could handle her with about half the forces they now have developed in the Far East. The Japanese Navy would be either destroyed or bottled up tight. . . .

"The Philippine situation looks sound; twelve Filipino divisions are already trained."

Speaking officially on the defense of the Philippines, MacArthur wrote the War Department on October 1, 1941: . . . "the strength and composition of the defense forces here are believed to be sufficient to accomplish such a mission. . . ."

He further believed that Manila could be held for a long period because he had made Corregidor "the strongest single fortified point in the world."

On November 28, 1941, after receipt of another optimistic report on the condition of Philippines defense from MacArthur, General Marshall wrote: "The Secretary of War and I were highly pleased to receive your report that your command is ready for any eventuality. . . ."

Not all U.S. officers shared General MacArthur's confidence in the readiness of his forces. According to the official U.S. Army history, General George Grunert, Commander of the Philippines Department, reported in "precise and unflattering terms" regarding the state of training of the Philippine Army on November 2, 1940.

In 1941, General Grunert noted in another official report that although MacArthur had taken command in 1935, the Philippine Army had "practically no field training nor target practice."

In late 1941, it should be noted, the German campaigns against Poland, Norway, France, Britain, and the Balkans had all been fought, and the invasion of Russia was well under way. Without exception, each campaign began with an effort to wipe out the defending air power at its bases. The Philippines were within easy range of Japanese air bases on Formosa. It might be imagined then that the primary concern of the defender of the Philippines would be to prepare to attack enemy air power and to disperse his own planes.

Lieutenant Colonel Allison Ind, Air Intelligence Officer on General Brereton's staff, in his book *Bataan: The Judgment Seat* notes that R.A.F. Group Captain Charles Darvel, in June 1941, warned MacArthur's command of the need for protection against a Japanese strike against American air power on the ground: "You will understand, I am sure . . . that a sudden determined enemy attack would reduce the effectiveness of your present air force practically to zero."

When Ind himself had arrived to do intelligence work in May, 1941, there were no objective folders on enemy targets for the Flying Fortresses and other bombers so that they could strike back at the sources of Japanese air power on Formosa. The air-raid warning system, designed to ensure against raiders catching our planes helpless on the ground, remained crude and inefficient.

Communications between General MacArthur and the War Department indicate that he was less interested in aircraft than in obtaining eight- and twelve-inch coast-defense guns—armament which was even then proving highly vulnerable to air power, and which has since been practically abandoned.

Lieutenant General Lewis Brereton, on arriving in the Philippines to take over the U.S. air command, conferred with MacArthur and his Chief of Staff, General Sutherland, on November 4, 1941. MacArthur stated that "in his opinion, which was the same as that of most informed men, it seemed likely that nothing would happen before April 1, 1942. The mobilization and training schedule of the Philippine Department and of the Philippine Army was based on that assumption."

After five days spent inspecting the air force installations in the Philippines, General Brereton remarked on November 9: "Conditions were disappointing. The idea of an imminent war seemed far removed from the minds of most. Work hours, training schedules, and operating procedure were still based on the good old days of peace conditions in the tropics." This was less than a month before Pearl Harbor.

Brereton and Ind make clear that General MacArthur's command, right up until the Japanese attack, had little idea of the necessity for dispersion of aircraft on scattered fields, and for the need for intensive protective measures such as revetments and camouflage.

Although news of the attack on Pearl Harbor was received in the Philippines at 4:17 A.M., and the Japanese strikes against Clark and Nichols Fields, the main Philippine bases, did not take place until after noon (after raids had already been reported on Baguio and Cabanatuan), the attackers destroyed most of MacArthur's planes on the ground.

The wrecking of U.S. air power in the Far East in a few hours was one of the great never-explained disasters of the war.

Even more perplexing was MacArthur's failure to bomb the Japanese bases on Formosa while he had the opportunity. The original Japanese plan had been to strike at the Philippine airfields from Formosa on the morning of Pearl Harbor. But, to quote the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, fate played into U.S. hands: "Be-

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cause of a heavy fog which grounded Japanese planes in Formosa on the morning of 8 December, it appeared that the key operation of the Philippine campaign, the destruction of American air power in the Philippines, would fail, and furthermore that, warned by the attack on Pearl Harbor, the [U.S.] heavy bombers would initiate an attack on the invasion forces massed in Formosa and then withdraw and disperse."

"We were very worried," recalled Navy Captain Shibita, senior Japanese staff officer on Formosa, "because we were sure after learning of Pearl Harbor you would disperse your planes or make an attack on our base at Formosa. We put on our gas masks and prepared for an attack by American aircraft. . . ."

"However," the Strategic Bombing Survey report continues, "the attack did not develop, and at 10:15 of the same morning the 21st and 23rd Air Flotillas [Japanese Navy] were able to launch all available aircraft for the planned attack on the [U.S.] air bases in Luzon. Since the attack was not initiated until shortly after noon the Japanese were greatly surprised to find the [U.S.] heavy bombers as well as most of the fighters still on the ground. Well briefed, as a result of excellent intelligence obtained by photo-reconnaissance prior to the war, the highly trained Japanese pilots delivered an effective ninety-minute assault on aircraft and facilities in the Manila Area. . . . Thus the initial phase of the Japanese offensive was a success and their amphibious forces were free to advance virtually unopposed in the air."

Although the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor was minutely investigated by Congress after the war, the equally disastrous attack on the Philippines, which occurred after the defenders had been forewarned, has scarcely been mentioned.

There was little open criticism of MacArthur then or later for this catastrophe. "It was almost," John Gunther has noted, "as if a conspiracy of silence existed to protect him."

Australia and After

MacArthur's preparations for the campaign against New Guinea appear to have suffered from the same defects that were apparent in the Philippines: lack of realistic preparation, overestimation of our potentialities, underestimation of the enemy.

Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger reported in his book *Our Jungle Road to Tokyo* that when he arrived in Australia in August, 1942, to become MacArthur's ground force field commander, the U.S. 41st and 32nd Infantry Divisions were training under American direction for an offensive war and under the Australians for a defensive war, a situation which he termed "fantastic." ". . . It seemed to

me," Eichelberger continues, "that our troops in training were just being given more of the same thing they had had back home.

"My opinion was not popular. . . . I told Generals MacArthur and Sutherland that I thought the 32nd Division was not sufficiently trained to meet Japanese veterans on equal terms . . .

". . . I recall one soldier [of the 32nd Division] who told me that in twenty months' service he had had only one night problem. He asked how he could be expected to be proficient in night patrolling against the Japanese under those conditions. I had no answer."

But the 32nd Division was sent to fight against the Japanese the next month, "quite unprepared and untrained for the miseries and terror of jungle warfare. . . ." It had no training whatever in that prime necessity of jungle fighting—avoidance of disease. Consequently, no less than 7,920 of the 14,465 men of the 32nd Division who went into Buna for their first battle fell victims to disease. "Soldiers who served throughout the campaign and did not get malaria were few," Eichelberger noted.

When it seemed almost impossible to take Buna, MacArthur promised Eichelberger, according to the latter's book, that if he captured the town ". . . I'll give you a Distinguished Service Cross . . . and recommend you for a high British decoration. Also, I'll release your name for newspaper publication."

The facts behind MacArthur's running quarrel with the Joint Chiefs of Staff as to the strategy to be employed in the Pacific throughout the Second World War have not been fully disclosed, but this much is known:

The Joint Chiefs held that the quickest way to defeat Japan was to march directly across the Pacific to the Japanese home islands, by-passing the sizable enemy forces in the Philippines and seizing Formosa as an invasion base. MacArthur believed the best strategy would be to take the longer way around, proceeding north from Australia, defeating the Japanese armies in the Philippines and using those islands as a springboard to Japan. Perhaps his urge to fulfill the old promise "I shall return" made him overlook what he now considers the crucial strategic importance of Formosa.

The strategy of the Korean War is now undergoing Congressional examination, but, it should be noted, the same errors of omission and commission crop up again. Some of the first American troops to see action had been "training" under MacArthur for five years in Japan, but American correspondents reported them "psychologically and physically unprepared to meet the enemy . . . breaking and sobbing under fire." MacArthur was as confident that neither the North Koreans nor, later, the Chinese would attack as he had been, in 1939, that the Japanese would never attack the Philippines. The general made the same prophecies of easy victory that he had in 1941, reporting to correspondent Marguerite Higgins after an early field survey: "Give me two American divisions and I can hold Korea . . ." (It actually took five U.S. divisions to drive the North Koreans out of South Korea.) This was followed by the "home-by-Christmas" prediction.

Observers may be excused if, in the light of his record of foresight in both peace and war, they entertain certain doubts as to the wisdom of General MacArthur's proposals regarding our future military strategy.

—A. Ronald Schiller

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'Old Heroes Fade Away'—Memories of MacArthur

I first met Douglas MacArthur in Australia in 1942. He had just escaped miraculously from Corregidor, under orders from President Roosevelt, after being the commanding general in the greatest defeat ever suffered by American arms up to that moment—the defeat on Bataan.

As a war correspondent, I had just escaped from Java, and felt very happy to be alive. Thereafter, between expeditions to the European Theater, I saw General MacArthur often in the Philippines during the Leyte and Luzon campaigns, and even had lunch with him at his headquarters. From 1948 to 1950 I was with him in Tokyo, where I was president of the Tokyo Correspondents' Club, and was there accorded two interviews—one of them stormy. I even have a letter signed by General MacArthur personally informing me that, as a war correspondent, I had added luster to my country's efforts in the Pacific War. That letter, of course, was issued perfunctorily to many war correspondents, and I keep it more for sentiment's sake than for any other reason. Like so many of the general's other pronunciamentos, it is slightly exaggerated.

Drawing upon these personal experiences, however, I feel that I can explain to some degree the growth of the MacArthur legends, and point out for future historians some of those places where they either will be punctured in time or seriously deflated.

The Occupation

In Japan, MacArthur, the statesman, is said to have set the feet of a warlike, feudal people in the paths of democracy. That country is about to be linked to ours by a peace treaty and an alliance. According to these agreements, now almost completed, we Americans will have bases for our armed forces in the Japanese islands. Japan, although nominally free, is to be virtually an American protectorate. Unless some things are done there in the next few years that have not been done up to now, those islands will certainly develop into a major headache for the United States.

Believe me, it will be very much the old Japan, run by very much the same people who ran it before the war and who plotted Pearl Harbor, or run by their sons and respectful trainees, with the old family and religious traditions unaltered except for a few surface legal reforms which can be swept away at any time. The structure of the MacAuthur reforms, so widely publicized by the general's headquarters, was already crumbling at the outbreak of the Korean War, and to some extent with the tacit consent of the general himself, who had come to see their faults.

Japan is still Emperor-worshiping and ultranationalistic beyond any dream of the West—even though the Emperor formally renounced divinity on the first day of 1946.

I have traveled with the Emperor Hirohito on a tour of much of the country. I have been conducted into his presence by obsequious chamberlains; have shaken his hand and spoken with him. I have watched the reaction of Japanese crowds to his presence. No homage of the western world to any popular idol can compare with the emotional frenzy of the lowly Japanese when confronted with Hirohito, the descendant of the Sun Goddess Amaterasu, in whose person all true Japanese are raised to the status of children of the immortal gods, as are the people of no other country.

The humble Japanese will fall on their knees and weep to think that Hirohito has even smiled on them. They will flock by the millions from every hamlet to line the railroad tracks when his train is passing.

MacArthur's 1946 constitution, allegedly written by the Japanese, may insist that the Diet is master of the Emperor's purse and his household. But I have seen poverty-stricken localities spend millions of dollars to make the Emperor welcome, and have seen striking coal miners raise their family welfare funds by selling Hirohito buttons at a welcome festival.

An approximate translation of the name on his luggage when he travels does not mention Hirohito, or even the Emperor. It reads very simply "The August Name." Hirohito may, indeed, go politely to visit MacArthur, the benevolent warrior who has protected him and his people with American food and American soldiers and American medicine. Politeness and courtesy are part of the great Japanese tradition. A shogun, or a great warrior protecting the Emperor, is nothing new in Japa-

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nese tradition, and it is nothing new for such a shogun to live apart from the people, as the general did in the American Embassy. Perhaps MacArthur might have taught the Japanese a little more about democracy if there had been more of Abraham Lincoln and less of Alexander of Macedon in him.

Today the great MacArthur has gone. Hirohito remains. The little Emperor, with his shaky walk and scholar's smile, holds the Japanese people and all they possess in the hollow of his hand. He holds their hearts even more now than ever before, as the one great national symbol that survived defeat. And the Japanese will fight to the death for that little man or his son whenever they are asked to—even though MacArthur personally wrote the paragraph in their constitution that renounces war as an instrument of national policy. Since then the United States has been preparing to arm them.

Shinto

The Shinto religion remains today, as it was before Pearl Harbor, the unique cement by which the most basic social relationships of Japanese life are bound together. It controls much Japanese thinking. To be sure, MacArthur has separated church and state legally, but the reform is on the surface. General MacArthur, with a prescience that today he would scarcely publicize, once said it would take a generation of close supervision of the Japanese people to reform their thinking.

I was entertained one night in the church-palace of one Nakayama-san, a rolypoly chieftain of Tenrikyo—one of the larger of the Shinto sects, of which there are many. Nakayama has eight million loyal adherents. They work for him. They also will fight to uphold the tenets of their faith.

Nakayama's adherents are certain that the very center of the world in which they live is a big hole in the ground right behind his palace, which in some dimensions is as big as St. Peter's. These Shinto worshipers believe that the spirit of Nakayama's grandmother, a pious and charitable woman who founded the Tenrikyo branch of Shinto, hovers about that hole.

Hundreds of people from the village

near the palace get up at five every morning, no matter how late they have been out the night before, to dance and pray in front of that hole in the ground, led by Nakayama and a retinue of priests. The priests beat gongs, and do a vigorous dance that is really a species of calisthenics.

The dancers pray for Nakayama and his grandmother and then go out to the nearby factories and fields to work for the great landowners. There is, of course, a modicum of virtue in the religion that Grandmother Nakayama taught the villagers, and which has spread over much of Japan. She told them the land on which they lived and toiled was the very center of their world, and if they took care of it by hard work and protected it they would be happy. They would also be happy, she told them, if they lived up to the precepts of their parents and their grandparents.

Shinto is a combination of ancestor worship and the belief that the land of one's ancestors is holy ground. I never saw it as strong as it is today in Japan, except in some parts of New England where I grew up. As a religion it is not calculated to make people democrats. It makes them very formidable nationalists and conservatives, as the world will learn gradually once more when the Japanese are set free from Allied rule.

The president of the Chamber of Commerce of Osaka once told me that the divinity of the Emperor, as father of all the Japanese and the living representative of their ancestors, must always be the very center of the people's thinking if they were to avoid a Communist revolution. Great as were some of the accomplishments of the MacArthur régime in Tokyo, such as the land-reform measures and the introduction of woman suffrage, the general failed completely to uproot the Shinto religion, either in high places or low.

Today, in overpopulated Japan, it remains as explosive a force as was Hitler's theory of the master race, or Lenin's theory of a proletarian dictatorship. There was a very real significance in the burial of one of the fingernails and a lock of hair of Hideki Tojo, Japanese warlord of the Second World War, in the Shinto shrine of his ancestors, after the Americans had hanged and cremated him. His spirit is there, to be resurrected some day if necessary by a rearmed Japan that still places its highest religious faith in warrior ancestors, Japanese soil, and the person of an Emperor.

Business and Trade

One of the tasks General MacArthur undertook by direction of the President of the United States when he was named Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers was to break down Japanese monopolies and to institute a system of fair-trade practices, buttressed by such American legal devices as anti-trust laws and a fair-trade-practices act. He obeyed orders at first, and tried indeed to reform Japanese business enterprise, so a little progress was made at the start of the occupation.

But almost all the program was thrown overboard in 1948. Its able administrator, Dr. E. C. Welsh, now chief economist of the National Security Resources Board in Washington, was gradually shunted to an obscure corner of MacArthur's headquarters. Most of his powers and staff were gradually taken away from him. A new MacArthur policy aimed at the recovery of

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Japan at all costs was substituted—by direction of American financial experts. Absolute chaos ensued in Japanese business. The general's staff undertook to manage business details beyond the ken of any central bureaucratic headquarters.

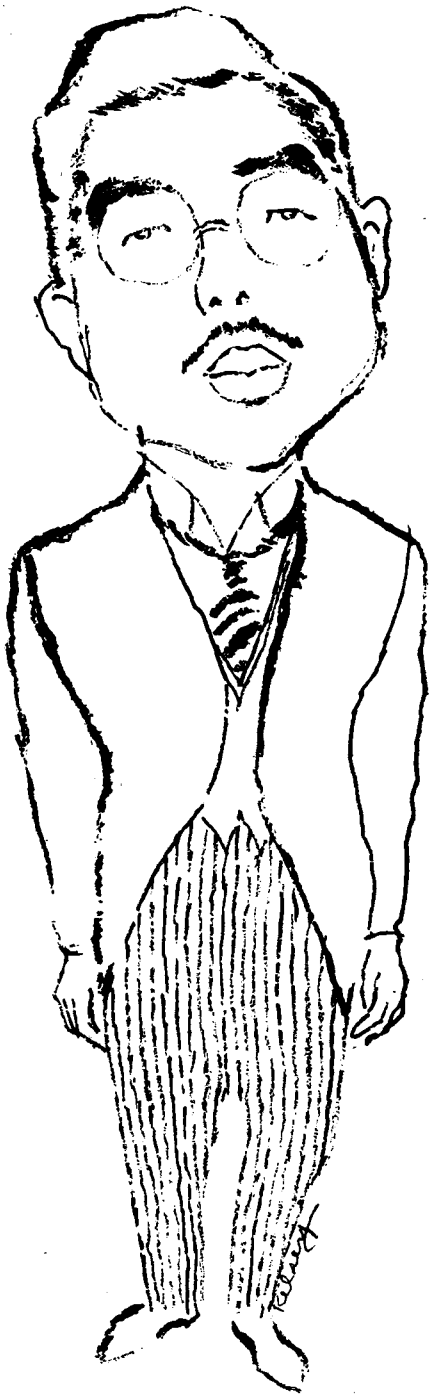
If ever there was a subject worthy of a Congressional investigation it is the record of this aspect of General MacArthur's rule in Japan.

Japanese textile manufacturers boasted to me privately that they were able to beat the anti-monopoly moves by stalling. Representatives of large-scale American business told me they were absolutely unable to resume enterprises that had been highly profitable to them (and to American shareholders) in prewar Japan, as long as MacArthur's headquarters was trying to run Japanese business in what it considered a military manner.

After the peace treaty, some of the great American corporations that formerly had subsidiaries in Japan may be expected to return to that country, which is desperately in need of large-scale American capital investment. The Japanese since the war have always been willing to pay a higher price for such investment than General MacArthur's headquarters would allow.

Reports of the difficulties which American businessmen were having in Japan during MacArthur's stewardship have been sent back to several of the great foreign-trade organizations in the United States by various committees of the American Chamber of Commerce in Tokyo. But there has been a great reluctance on the part of American businessmen in that capital to have their grievances publicized in the American press. They feared reprisals at the hands of MacArthur's bureaucrats, whose actions were seemingly beyond any review.

It was common knowledge among the press corps during the two years and more that I was in Tokyo that there were cases of malfeasance and even corruption within the headquarters group that was running Japanese foreign trade. A dispute raged at one time in headquarters itself as to whether some of these cases should be prosecuted or hushed up. The decision was to hush them up and to send the offenders home, where they could do no more harm. Any other course would



have tarnished the reputation of the Supreme Commander.

Birth Control

The real problem of Japan, of course, which is basic to the survival of that country within civilized society, let alone democratic society, is the problem of overpopulation. It is today more acute than it was when the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers took over the rule of the country. Japan has been shorn of its empire, and millions of Japanese, soldiers and civilians, have been repatriated to a few little islands having an aggregate territory about as large as the State of Montana.

There were eighty-three million people in Japan in 1950. Population experts agree that unless some drastic solution to this problem of overcrowding is found, there will be about ninety million people in Japan in 1956 and 107 million by 1970. Already the islands' population needs to import more than one-fifth of its food.

The handling of this basic population problem in Japan during MacArthur's reign was heavily weighted by political considerations—particularly by regard for that wing of American public opinion concentrated in the Roman Catholic Church, to which birth control devices are anathema.

Therefore he banned Margaret Sanger, leading birth-control advocate, from visiting Japan by invitation of the Japanese. Therefore, too, his headquarters insisted publicly that it would have nothing to do with Japanese handling of the birth-control problem. At the same time it worked surreptitiously to get the Japanese to handle the population problem by the very methods the general adjudged politically unwise to acknowledge.

The man who started the Japanese birth-control movement in a very large way was Brigadier General Crawford F. Sams, MacArthur's very competent public-health officer. He set up more than seven hundred health clinics, which the Japanese never had possessed before. In every one of them there was free instruction in birth-control methods for Japanese women.

In 1948 the Japanese Diet adopted a series of laws providing for the manufacture, sale, and advertisement of birth-control devices, for legalized abortion in certain cases and sterilization in others. At that time every law passed by the Diet was subject to veto by the Supreme Commander, and every measure proposed in the Diet was placed before the government section in the general's headquarters for approval or disapproval. No law whatever was passed by the Japanese government during all the general's reign without the permission of his government section. Many a law was passed by rebellious but helpless Diets under

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the direct order of the general's government-section officers.

In 1949 the Japanese press began to campaign increasingly for birth control. A lively little industry in contraceptive devices was established. The Japanese press was then under censorship by General MacArthur's headquarters. Headquarters gave it a code, defining what it might or might not print. A U.S. Army officer, Major Daniel C. Imboden, ex-editor of a small California paper, called Japanese editors and publishers into his offices and admonished them whenever they printed anything he deemed harmful. On questionable matters they often called him for advice, which they always followed, since G.H.Q. had the power to put them out of business if they offended.

There was no doubt, then, in anybody's mind in Japan at that time that the general's headquarters was fostering the Japanese birth-control movement just as much as it could in a clandestine fashion, while it was denying having any part in it. It was this habit of trying to promulgate myths in the public mind, in Japan and at home, that led to a long history of friction between the newspaper press corps in Tokyo and the general and his officers.

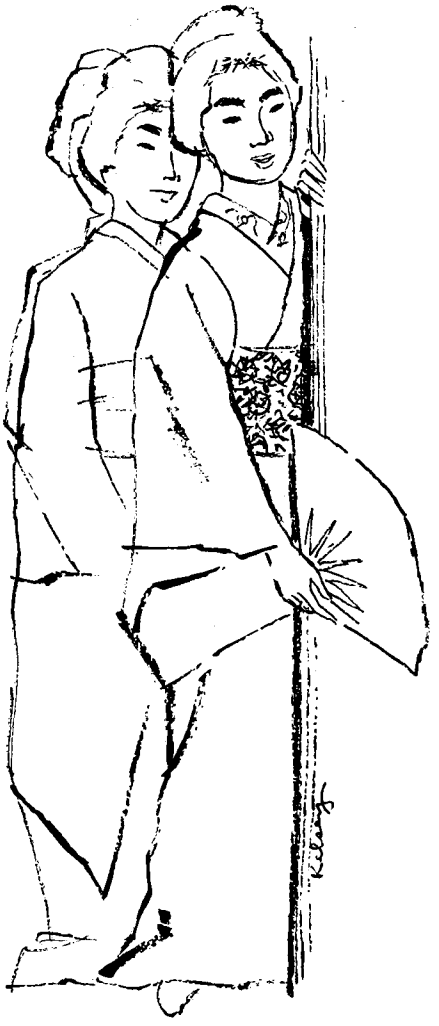
Palace Guard and Press

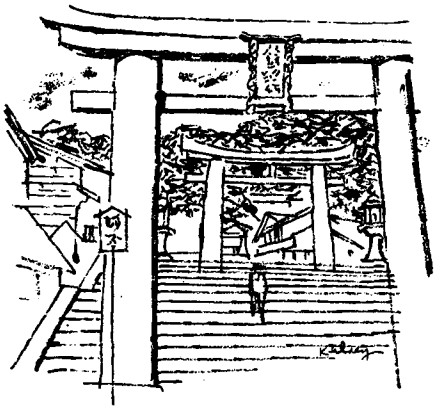
The greatest legend, of course, was that of the complete success of the general in everything he undertook, and his possession of an omniscience which made it impossible for him to blunder. MacArthur gathered around him a staff of idolaters and cut himself off from most of the outside world. He did not even have a telephone in his office. He relied on his subordinates for his information, while he took good care of his health.

The men with whom he was surrounded set themselves up in such luxury as they never before had seen by requisitioning the finest homes of Japan's old millionaires and surrounding themselves with retinues of servants at the expense of the pliant Japanese government. They conducted themselves much like any other palace guard of any other dictator. They aped their commander in arrogance toward the public as a whole.

Representatives of large-scale American business were derided by these men as "carpetbaggers." As for the press, which occasionally criticized the occupation in news reports, or reported facts at odds with the official version, it was always suspect. All requests for news from General MacArthur's officers were supposed to go through official channels, and most of the general's officers were too frightened to disobey these delaying orders, although some of them were not. A few leaks occurred, but not many—and woe to the correspondent whose reports strayed far from the official line. He usually was accused of "playing the Communist game."

At one time the general's public-relations officer, presumed to be speaking for the general, wrote to the publishers of seven American newspapers and to the chief of an American broadcasting system, charging that their correspondents in Tokyo were lying maliciously about the occupation and were "playing the Communist game." In the letters there was a strong suggestion, or even more, that the men in question should be fired.





At this revelation, the correspondents sent a protest to the Freedom of the Press Committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, representing more than two thousand newspapers in the United States. Negotiations by several American editors led to a ban by the Defense Department upon complaints by generals in the field to newspaper publishers about the writings of their correspondents without clearance by the department. The letter-writing stopped, but the general's relations with the press correspondents in Tokyo were pretty bad until the start of the Korean War, when once again he needed them.

This brief report on the general's relations with the press is pertinent to the present discussion of his political activities. A great deal of mythology had been written about MacArthur in the East. An average or better-than-average newspaper corps did what it could, I believe, to keep the record straight. But MacArthur's personal publicity organization has been very able. Its device of using the date line "MacArthur's headquarters," aped by no other commander throughout the Second World War except General George S. Patton, Jr., kept MacArthur's name continually in every newspaper in the world.

When the general returned to the Philippines in triumph, radio broadcasters in Leyte tried vainly to get a chance for Admiral Thomas Kinkaid of the U.S. Navy to go on the radio and tell a little of the great part the Navy had played in getting the general and his forces ashore. The admiral was ruled off the air by General MacArthur's press-relations officer, with the

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statement that "nothing today must detract from the glory of the Commander in Chief."

So it has gone. It is regrettable, of course, that one of the most brilliant of American military strategists, who saved thousands of American lives in the South Pacific, should now be the center of a political controversy that divides the nation.

But it probably was inevitable, following the general's ill-starred advance upon the Yalu River even after Chou En-lai, the Foreign Minister in Peking, was broadcasting to the world that the Chinese would throw all American forces into the sea. Somewhere MacArthur's military intelligence had failed him.

Today he has powerful political allies. But as his conflict with the Administration continues, his stature is bound to shrink. Aside from his military victories, he has left his country with some problems in Japan which have been less than perfectly handled. That nation, with an increasing population and a standard of living which seems destined to fall, is bound to be a constant exasperation to the American people—once American arms are committed for its long-term protection. The old hero gradually will fade away, as have others—even though he was great and good in his conqueror's way. The many problems he left unsolved in Japan will remain to plague his countrymen.

Such parts of the truth as gradually emerge from a great deal of deliberately falsified history, I believe, will show MacArthur still a great man as ordinary mortals go. One of his nation's most brilliant military strategists, certainly. A politically minded military man of inordinate ambition, of course. A master propagandist, by any reckoning. And a magnificent leader of men in battle—a man with the unquestioned courage of the convinced fatalist. An actor and a scholar.

And with all these heroic traits of his, conceded by all those who have known him as closely as I have, Douglas MacArthur remains today what he was in his youth—both arrogant and vain, as sensitive to criticism as any bride, and more thin-skinned than many. He is essentially a lonely man and one who suffers.

—ALLEN RAYMOND

An Alliance Out of Step

PARIS

Two years after the signing of the Atlantic Treaty, U.S. rearmament is proceeding with startling rapidity; European rearmament is not. The effort of the Atlantic alliance is still un-coordinated. The Supreme Command is organized; there is a Commander in Chief. But a coalition army is like the end of an assembly line: Eisenhower must take over a finished product. He almost might as well not be there if all the preceding stages of the work are done piecemeal, with each shop in the factory producing according to the personal (in this case national) views of its foreman.

The Atlantic alliance has not yet succeeded in co-ordinating its moral and psychological groundwork, its economic integration, or its armament —which is nobody's fault and everybody's fault. The task is infinitely complicated. With the best will in the world, statesmen have to walk a tightrope—the Americans because America's strength, which can reassure, can also humiliate and frighten; the Europeans because their need to be strong can accentuate their appearance of weakness. America has launched its rearmament program in the spirit of an "anti-Communist crusade" and has not taken the necessary measures to synchronize—at the moral, economic and military levels—the alliance as a whole. The tragedy is that all attempts to bring Europe and America into step have so far aggravated the disharmony.

Commander-in-Chief Eisenhower

When Aneurin Bevan and Harold Wilson resigned from the British Cabinet, one could discuss the tactical or even the demagogic reasons they may have had for choosing that particular moment, but there was no possible argument about the fact that the reasons they gave for their decision were accepted, even by their opponents in and out of the Labour Party. They had said that the economic unbalance between America and Europe, caused by American stockpiling and rearmament, could easily lead to Europe's losing all that it had gained through five hard years of effort toward industrial recovery. What Bevan said bluntly, other European statesmen had been worrying about for months. Prime Minister Attlee's trip to Washington last November was undertaken primarily for the purpose of reaching some balanced plan for the allotment of raw materials. In February, the then French Premier, René Pleven, went to Washington for the same reason. Neither trip brought any concrete results. The difference in potential persisted, and caused the most

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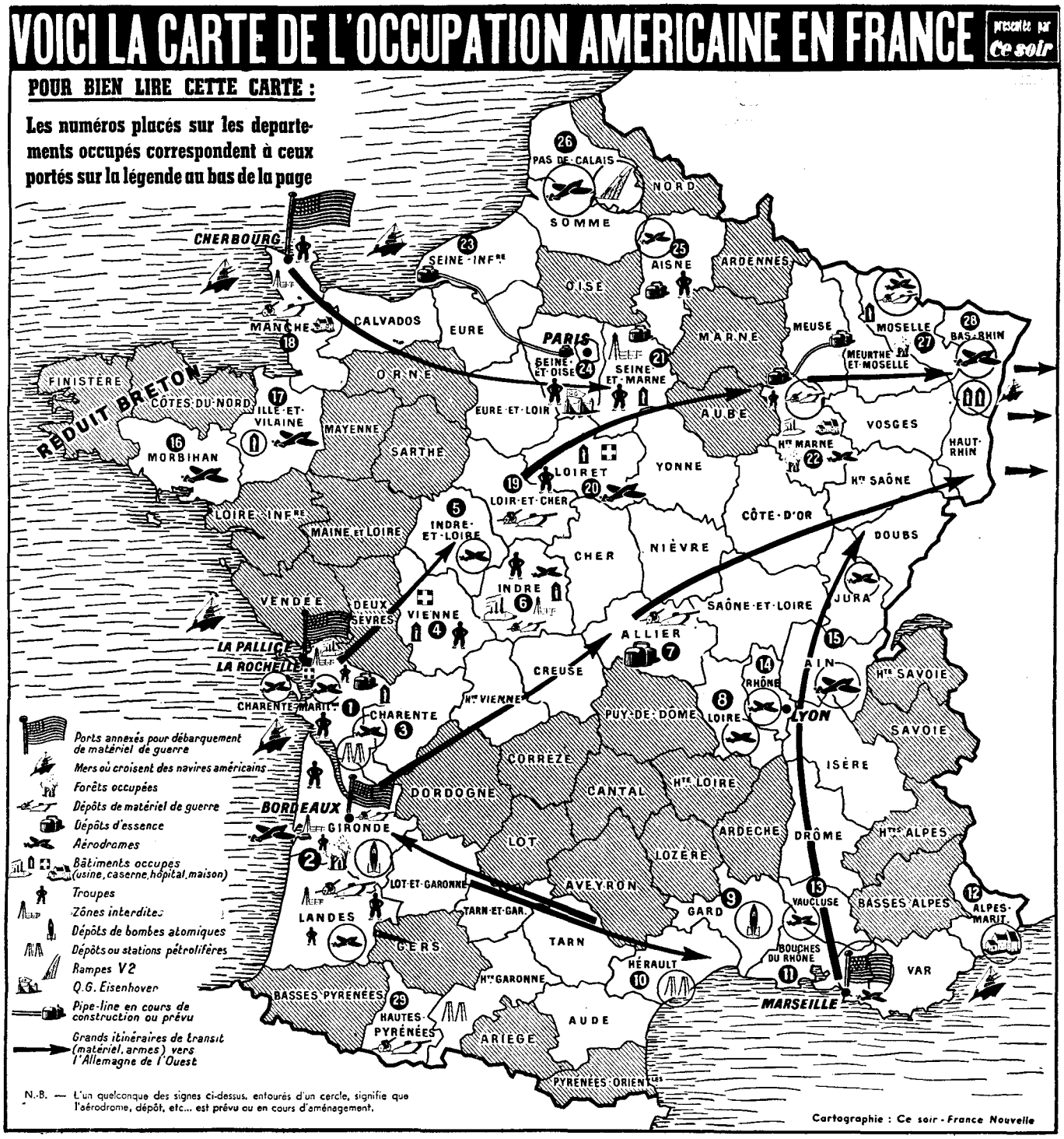

Communist propaganda: 'Map of the American Occupation of France'

serious break in the British Labour Party since the end of the war.

As American armament has grown more and more powerful, American policy has toughened. And the more it has hardened, the less has European public opinion been able to understand or follow it. In mid-April, a meeting of public-information officials took place in London, with Edward W. Barrett, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, representing the United States. Barrett asked the European members to give his country's armament effort greater publicity. His suggestion was received with a marked lack of enthusiasm; the European members thought that American armament had already been publicized enough—in fact, that the more the disproportion between the American and European contributions was pointed out, the less desirable, from the Amer-

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ican point of view—would be the reaction of European public opinion.

During recent weeks American representatives in Europe have made speech after speech to point out how Europe is lagging behind in rearmament. In France, Milton Katz, field chief of ECA, speaking before Force Ouvrière, a trade-union movement which had broken away from the Communist Confédération Générale du Travail, said that "Europe could carry an annual rearmament burden of $40 to $50 billion and at the same time increase its living standard." The only trouble was that he made his speech to workmen who had seen their living standard fall twenty per cent even before rearmament had even seriously started.

In Belgium, U.S. Ambassador Robert Murphy complained about armament production: "I am told that there is a good deal of plant capacity in Belgium which could be put to use on mutual defense requirements. . . . Today with the additional aid from the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, Belgian industry is even more capable of a substantial contribution." The Belgian Prime Minister answered, somewhat indignantly, that Murphy had his figures wrong.

Several months ago the necessity of air bases being available in France for eventual American use was recognized by the military leaders of the Atlantic coalition. At the time, this decision was not made public because the U.S. Air Force was not ready to occupy the bases and because the French military hoped that by the time the Americans came, French aviation would be built up to the point where the bases would be occupied by both forces.

Subsequently the papers got hold of the story. Each time they queried the government, the existence of any such plan for American bases was denied. Such a plan, the French government stated, had not even been studied, much less decided upon. Each time Eisenhower's headquarters was queried, the reply was "no comment."

Suddenly the Communists published a "Map of the American Occupation of France." It first appeared in *Ce Soir* on April 20, and was then reprinted in poster form and put on the streets. It showed the air bases, it showed where the atomic bombs would be stored, and it showed the redoubt on the tip of Brittany where the Americans would make a last stand. It showed where American oil and gasoline would be stocked and where V-2 rocket-launching sites would be set up. It showed, together with a probably factual indication of the air bases, a great deal of imagination. No official statement has been made concerning it. The government has remained silent —and embarrassed. The Communists were up to their usual tricks, and their tricks in this case were effective. Why? French public opinion had not been prepared.

No Frenchman in his senses would expect General Eisenhower to put out daily public bulletins explaining where it is advisable to put airstrips and why. The trouble did not come because the military were attending to their proper business; French opinion was unprepared for this striking and visual evidence of American presence on French soil simply because the deeper reasons, the basic agreements, the united purposes of the French and American governments had not been made sufficiently clear. Even now, not enough Frenchmen are convinced that America's clear resolve is to defend western Europe and not to "liberate" it from some holding point in Spain, North Africa, or Brittany.

This new Communist campaign, coming just before the elections, has been very ably exploited. Up till now, the governmental parties have found neither the means nor the will to counterattack. And General de Gaulle, for his own purposes, immediately took advantage of this new situation to point at the weakness shown by the parties in power. In the first major speech of his electoral campaign, he made a violent attack against the manner in which the Atlantic coalition is now organized.

On April 12, he declared, in his party's paper *Le Rassemblement,* that the régime is incapable of defending the nation against inflation and social injustice; it permits the agents of the Soviets to prepare the path for Soviet invasion. "National Defense, like everything else, is neglected. And so is the unity of free Europe. Faced with such inconsistency, our Atlantic allies . . . are inclined to limit their effort to the holding of a few bridgeheads: England, Spain, the 'Brittany redoubt.' Yet the men who govern us are handing over to them bases in Morocco and are putting our forces under the command of their chiefs without requiring any guarantee or counterpart. Thus the nation runs the risk of being one day invaded by its enemies, dominated by its allies, and ruined by everybody."

On May 1, he demanded that "within the framework of the plan [of the Atlantic defense of Europe] a French leader shall command the land, air, and naval forces for the whole—the Rhine, the Alps, and French North Africa." Under this and other conditions—notably complete equality in the formulation of the plan and its "strategical direction"—"the alliance would be an alliance and not a subordination," and common action would be achieved without "the encroachments now incurred through the weakness of our régime."

Most important of all, we must realize that there is nothing more dangerous in a democratic alliance than the creation of massive military power when it is not accompanied by the political persuasion of the people who must bear the arms and on whose lands the battles are likely to be fought. This is something General Eisenhower knows and for which he is working. It is also something Charles E. Wilson knows at the economic level; that is why he has undertaken a European trip and has announced that "A further integration of American and European production will be prospected."

—JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

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Babes in the Intelligence Wood

On several occasions during the continuing crisis in the Far East, particularly in respect to the Chinese intervention in Korea, our Central Intelligence Agency in Washington has been sharply criticized. Whether or not the agency has blundered I don't know, but even if it has, the criticisms seem hasty and irrelevant. One critic has observed that, having had five years to build an effective intelligence organization, we should now have no excuse for failure. These five years are the crux of the matter, but they should serve as evidence for the defense rather than for the prosecution of the CIA. Five years are not enough.

The only experience CIA had to build on was that acquired in the most recent war. Before that, secure in our isolation, morally opposed to espionage, we had no organized intelligence service abroad. There were times, of course, when our embassies and military attachés made informal use of spies and bribes: Our morality had not prevented us from espionage, it had merely prevented us from building an efficient system of espionage.

Many Americans believe that despite our lack of prewar experience our many clandestine operations during the war provided enough impetus to get CIA off to a flying start. This supposition, I'm afraid, is based on the numerous published reports of our skill and daring in the "cloak-and-dagger" field. Many men who knew this end of our war effort at first hand have read those reports with sardonic smiles.

My own experience in clandestine operations was in China. Though the effort of the various agencies operating in that theater was shaped by problems peculiar to China, it was also illustrative of our intelligence activity in a general sense. And in that respect enough bungling and awkwardness was in evidence to make clear that even with the best will and direction in the world we cannot hope to establish an effective intelligence service in a few years. It can only develop through experience. It has to grow up.

In China we began our intelligence work with the remarkable feat of excluding ourselves from it. This came of a sort of treaty with the Chinese government known as the SACO Agreement. (SACO stood for Sino-American Co-operative Organization.) In our ignorance of China we had apparently assumed that the objectives of the Chinese government were the same as ours. After Pearl Harbor, the politicians and generals who dominated that government secretly focused their sights on the Communists, confident that in time our Pacific forces would take care of Japan. They therefore considered it desirable to avoid clashes with the Japanese wherever possible in order to save American military aid for ultimate use against the Reds. Obviously, then, it was not wise to have American intelligence officers observing the inactivity of the Nationalist armies or the decay and corruption increasing throughout China; in particular Chiang's men were fearful lest we listen to Red propaganda.

It was in this murky situation that the SACO Agreement was born. The Chinese were to provide our intelligence through General Tai Li, who headed a much-feared empire of espionage, counter-espionage, secret police, and secret-service activities. We, in turn, were to train and arm guerrilla forces for sabotage behind the lines. Our acceptance of the plan must have provoked vast secret amusement in Chungking.

The very motives that prompted the agreement worked against the reliability of Chinese intelligence. Chiang's primary interest having passed to the Communists, intelligence concerning the Japs was slipshod, slow, and frequently an instrument of propaganda. A Chinese general once refused me access to some captured Japanese documents on the ground that they contained "some very bad lies about China and America; they will make you feel too bad about that."

The Chinese also used "intelligence" to keep us from moving about without their "protection." This effort took the line of endless stories about spies and assassins sent to prey upon the American forces. One report told of two thousand beautiful Chinese girls being sent into Free China by the Japanese. The girls were to entice the love-

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starved Americans into their arms, then delicately prick them with fountain pens which contained poisoned ink. I never heard of any American dying at the hands of these girls, or of any other assassins. Chinese who warned me of such dangers were always very vague as to their origin, and I was often reminded of the Japanese story printed in the English-language press in Hankow in an earlier period. It told how the fiendish Chinese had trained orangutans to infiltrate the Japanese lines and murder officers, and was attributed to "a various source in a certain direction." Too much Chinese intelligence came from "a various source in a certain direction."

Aside from their political interference, the Chinese lacked training in the science of modern war; and although they have a fine nose for secrets, their natural habits of thought are often more romantic and folksy than accurate. I recall a report locating a Japanese outpost "just south of the Wang Family Village." That everyone in its vicinity knew the village I have no doubt, but unfortunately we were given no clue as to what province it was in.

After a year and more of frustration, the O.S.S., the original U.S. partner in SACO, disgustedly withdrew in September, 1943, and let the Navy take over. This withdrawal eliminated O.S.S. from any full-scale action in China until late in the war.

Meanwhile the Fourteenth Air Force was suffering, and at Theater Headquarters the G-2 was fretting over the tantalizing opportunity offered, through friendly guerrillas, to place observers almost anywhere from Indo-China to the Korean border. But over these demands brooded the paralyzing commitment to the SACO Agreement.

This paralysis was totally unnecessary. The British, with no aid to use as a lever, were operating openly and with impunity. We could have forced a change in the agreement or ignored it without the Chinese daring to raise any serious objections. Instead, we followed a devious pattern finally worked out by the Air Force. Unable to get authority to send intelligence men into the field, the Fourteenth sent them anyway, disguised as liaison officers. Theater Headquarters followed this pattern of counter-subversion, getting permission from the Chinese to place a variety of innocuous organizations in the field, then giving them *sub rosa* orders to collect intelligence. But even by notifying the Chinese of our intended movements, we put ourselves at the mercy of local officials, who were, of course, entirely too willing to provide quarters, interpreters, servants, and guards. The intelligence officer who submitted to this "co-operation" soon found himself under the same paralyzing control that he was supposed to subvert. But it *was* possible to avoid this control and maintain official good will at the same time by playing various Chinese agencies off against each other, entertaining lavishly, and being endlessly courteous.

Unfortunately, we made far from enough effort to maintain our independence, though the fatal effect of total control was right before our eyes in the conduct of the Navy men of SACO. This effect was vividly dramatized for me by the occupants of a SACO jeep I met one day on a trip to a front-line outpost in southeast China. I had seen the jeep coming for some time in a furious cloud of dust. Arms waved wildly as it squealed to a stop, and two Marines and a Navy officer yelled at me to go back. Seventy thousand Japs were shoving into the area to cut off the Americans, they shouted. They were going home to the States, and were praying they would get out before it was too late. They got out all right, for the story was only an exaggeration by Tai Li's men of a routine shift of garrison regiments at a Jap-occupied town a hundred miles away.

The situation produced in the field by our effort to subvert Chinese subversion was comic: A complex variety of inevitably overlapping organizations were engaged in a by-product job of intelligence, struggling to work with or around Chinese "co-operation," busily trying to hide their intelligence activity not only from the Japanese but from the Chinese and each other, and in no case succeeding. This situation would have made good intelligence work difficult even if we had all been able and experienced men. Speaking generally, we were neither.

The importance of seasoned personnel was appallingly obvious when one compared the men of the long-established British Foreign Office intelligence with ours. At one time the American responsible for intelligence in the Shanghai area was an officer who had made a trip to China many years before, stopping off briefly at Shanghai. He had written an article for a national magazine about his trip, and arrived with a foot locker full of 1930 magazines, which he handed to people he met with the offhand remark, "Oh, by the way, you might like to read something I wrote." He was among those who seriously believed the story that the Japanese had secretly built a tunnel under the sea from

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Korea to Japan. Now and again, with a fine flair for romance, he would radio that he was surrounded by enemy agents, and though this might be his last message, he was sticking to his post.

The British officer stationed nearby had lived in Shanghai for twelve years up to 1942. He had not only had previous intelligence experience, but also had been the police chief in Shanghai's International Settlement.

It was rare when our personnel combined the two qualities desired in an intelligence officer: He should be an area specialist, and should also have what Conrad calls "ability in the abstract." A man with ability in the abstract can prove effective whether he knows an area or not; the specialist without ability in the abstract is useless. And yet "China experts" with no ability whatever kept turning up in China throughout the war. One of the more pathetic cases was an elderly, very earnest O.S.S. major, en route to a very secret operation behind the lines. But so busy was he preparing for his operation that he never got to it. Instead, he puttered about East China collecting or buying equipment he thought he might need. This included an old Buick, several 37-mm. cannon stripped from airplanes, all kinds of ammunition which fitted no guns, a lot of rubber boats, coils of wire, rope, and a hundred other odds and ends. After six months of this squirrel game, his office recalled him.

In contrasting our intelligence work with that of the British, I can speak only of my own experience. But in East China, with far fewer men, they not only produced better intelligence than ours but were able to reach areas we couldn't. While we were struggling to get information from Shanghai, they were using Shanghai to get information from Japan.

Another problem that dramatized our inexperience was the question of security. Obviously, the operational framework of intelligence is secrecy. But concern for security often did more harm than good. I know of at least two instances in which target information useful to the Air Force was withheld on the grounds that the airmen were not sufficiently security-minded.

Of all personnel in East China the Marines and Navy men of SACO arrived with the most fearful regard for security. This was the result of a psychological conditioning given them in

Washington: "Do you think you could live off the rice taken from the bodies of dead Japs?" they had been asked. "Do you realize you're going to have to do your work with a knife?"

This secrecy didn't last, but it always marked the SACO newcomer. An interpreter of mine once encountered such a group at a bus station. Proud of his English, he asked them where they came from. They said they didn't know. Where were they going? They didn't know. What were they doing in China? They didn't know. The interpreter, eager to help, turned to their Chinese truck driver, who quickly obliged. They had landed at Kanhsien Airfield, they were going to a Navy camp at Hsiuchow in Anhwei; they were to train guerrillas to sabotage Jap ships on the Yangtze. Excitedly, the interpreter informed the "American friends." Later he told me the story, full of puzzlement. The "American friends" had told him to "beat it."

To be overly careful in respect to security was to be ostentatious. And to be ostentatious was to lose security. No one traveled with such elaborate trappings of secrecy as SACO's chief, General Tai-Li, and as a result no one's movements were so well publicized by the ever-curious Chinese.

Only if one made no show of cloaking his activities and had a reasonable explanation for them was it possible to keep them secret.

The Americans in my office were too busy to handle the coding and decoding of routine radio traffic pouring in from a dozen outposts. Our solution was to hire country girls who knew no English, and teach them how to operate mechanical devices that coded and decoded messages. But no matter how safe and helpful our system was, the Signal Corps would have stopped it if we had told them about it.

One situation that upset many men was the known presence of agents of the Tai Li secret police among Chinese employees, and a lot of time was wasted trying to weed them out. Actually, it was advantageous to have spies around to let the Chinese know that our activities were harmless. It was, of course, important to know which employees were the spies, but this was never very difficult. Indeed, they would frequently admit it once their suspicions were put to rest.

A field intelligence officer must be

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able to relax security where the calculated risk is worth the larger operational gain. Late in the war a British intelligence officer was sent to a small coastal city to establish a new agent net into Shanghai. To find good agents takes endless time, primarily because anything to do with agents ordinarily requires complete secrecy. But the Britisher simply tossed secrecy to the winds and advertised for his spies in the local newspaper. In a few weeks he was doing business, and operated successfully through the rest of the war.

At the end of the war we committed our final error. We made little or no effort to retain the connections and agents we had so slowly, painfully cultivated.

This failure seems to me evidence of another sort of difficulty that must confront CIA for some time to come. Just as the raw ore of intelligence collected in the field is useless unless it is properly processed, evaluated, and disseminated, so an effective intelligence agency is useless if our leaders disregard its reports or put them through the wringer of their own opinion and prejudice.

As early as the fall of 1944 we were getting whispers from the Japanese, through Chinese puppet officials, as to the terms Japan would accept for peace. By April, 1945, the terms proposed came close to total surrender. These reports were indirect and unofficial because the puppets were always whisked away and never heard from again, presumably because top Chinese officialdom was fearful their messages would slacken the flow of American war material.

These peace feelers and other reports on Japanese actions and attitudes convinced many of us by the spring of 1945 that the war was near an end. I was astonished, therefore, to discover that in the headquarters area in west China as late as July the gloomy view of another eighteen months of war was the one that prevailed. Yalta and all the consequences of Yalta, in so far as intelligence played a part, seems to have been based on such an estimate.

Just as the Central Intelligence Agency can mature only through experience, its reports can be effective only when our leaders learn to respect them. Both accomplishments will take time. —PRESTON SCHOYER

Mr. Sato Had a Farm

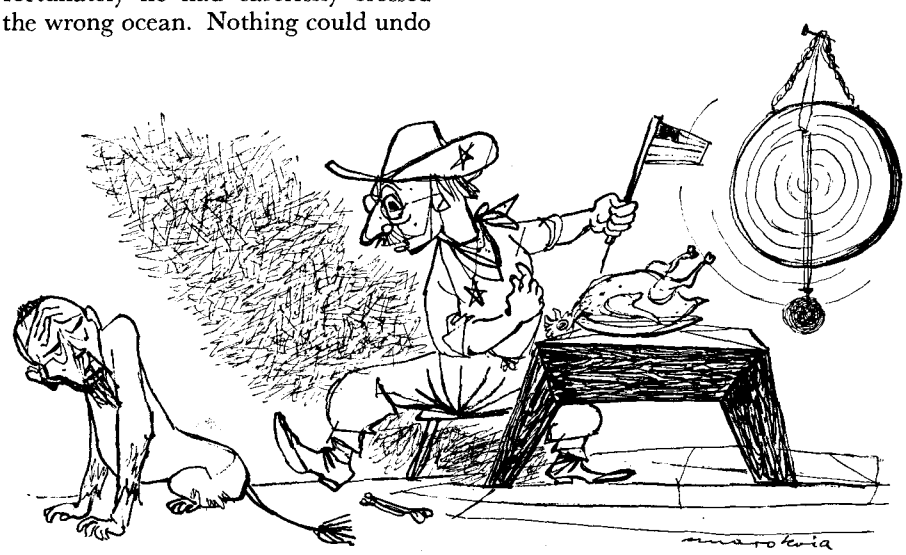
I knew Tetsuo Sato for a few brief months some years ago when I was a contract gardener trying to earn enough money two or three days a week to stay home the rest of the time and finish my second novel. Sato-san was my helper.

He was in his sixties, I think, a spare little man with a seamed brown face, the skin toughened by sun and wind. He had emigrated from Hiroshima Prefecture as a young man and had come to California at the time when Japanese were welcomed by employers irked at the previously docile Chinese, now gotten above themselves and demanding living wages. Sato-san, neat, industrious, and polite, had no trouble finding work. It was brutally hard work, harvesting truck crops. Dank at dawn, blastingly hot at noon, chill in the evening, it was enough to put a permanent arch in the back.

Mr. Sato—he had, like so many Japanese, such natural dignity it was impossible to address him without a title—was Issei (first generation), a pioneer, with the typical virtues of that traditionally celebrated American. Unfortunately he had carelessly crossed the wrong ocean. Nothing could undo this initial mistake. Mr. Sato could never become a citizen.

Young men have hot blood; Mr. Sato cooled his with thrift. Out of earnings calculated to keep the recipient alive and not too apathetic to compete for the next seasonal job, he saved money —ridiculous sums: a nickel, a dime, half a dollar. Californians grumbled that no white man could live like a Jap; Mr. Sato outdid the standard virtues, not only living like a Jap but saving money as well.

Other Issei who had come earlier bought odds and ends of land considered worthless and turned them into highly productive truck farms. The grumbling changed to a roar of rage: No white farmer could be expected to compete with trickery like this. The California legislature, then as now dominated by the "cow counties" (the "cow counties" in turn dominated by the Associated Farmers, Native Sons of the Golden West, and similar ultra-conservative organizations), obediently passed a law forbidding "aliens ineli-



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gible to citizenship" to own agricultural land. No matter how hard Mr. Sato slaved, the initial mistake of ancestry was still against him.

The man who is hungry for land will not be thwarted; if he cannot buy it he will rent it. Mr. Sato leased forty acres in Imperial County—bleak and hot desert sand, thirsty for water. The first year's rent took his savings, leaving nothing for seed, fertilizer, tools, livestock, food, or irrigation.

Mr. Sato borrowed money, signed a note, and bought a horse. He and the horse plowed, fertilized, harrowed, planted, cultivated, and irrigated. Mr. Sato gambled on the weather and planted cantaloupe—forty acres of early cantaloupe that a touch of frost, an unexpectedly late rain, any vagary of the weather would ruin.

He made his crop and paid back half his loan with the interest. Then he went to his landlord to pay his next year's rent. "The rent," said the landlord cheerfully, "will be doubled." Mr. Sato, smiling, shook his head. He did not understand. He had a lease; it was all written down.

The landlord was not an irritable man. Patiently he explained. He had rented idle land for a certain sum. Now Mr. Sato was attempting to rent improved land for the same money—a clearly unreasonable desire. Of course, if Mr. Sato didn't like it he could try elsewhere, or go to law and plead his case before a judge and twelve jurymen whose ancestors had crossed the Atlantic instead of the Pacific. Mr. Sato paid.

The next year Mr. Sato paid off the balance of his loan and started building a barn. He was quite aware of the foolishness of this; he had no choice, and when the rent was raised again, he did not protest.

In his forties Mr. Sato took stock. In spite of occasional bad years he had a bank account now, a tractor, gang plow, disk harrow, a Model A truck. He could liquidate his assets, return to Hiroshima Prefecture—he had a sister there, nieces and nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews—and live comfortably for the rest of his life. There was nothing to hold him to California or the United States.

Mr. Sato's ambitions did not run to bigger and bigger bank accounts, better cars, modern houses, gadgets, or employees. He was content with the forty acres, a remodeled shack, and two plum trees. He knew he would find equivalent satisfactions in Japan and more, for there he could look upon a landscape more pleasing to his eyes than the flat desert that is Imperial County, broken only by tamarisk windbreaks. In Japan, too, he would be a respected person rather than a target for insult. Just the same, Mr. Sato stayed. Pioneers always have been obstinate men.

Mr. Sato was reticent about his wife. All I know of her is that he sent to Japan for her, and that she bore him a son and died shortly afterward.

About this man child Mr. Sato was expansive—as expansive as he ever got on any subject. "My boy" was a frequent expression on his lips. He had cared for the child himself. How he could have done so without breaking the rhythm of intensive farming is hard to see, but Mr. Sato was not easily balked.

Quite apart from the normal paternal satisfactions, the boy benefited Mr. Sato from the day he was born. His delivery on the sacred topography of the Union made him Nisei, or second generation: a citizen of the United States.

Mr. Sato continued to farm the rented forty acres, but only until he could find a place for sale whose owner was willing to brave the fury of Imperial Valley patriots and sell to an Oriental—at a much higher price than he could hope for from a Caucasian. This took time, not only because one does not buy a farm hastily but because owners were even more surly than usual toward Japanese who had native-born American offspring.

At length Mr. Sato found a would-be fruit ranch, abandoned years before when the saplings had died from lack of care and water. He had to begin all over again to coax land into bearing richly—land that had been despised and neglected; to repair the house, add to it, whitewash it; to prune the healthy trees into symmetry and root up the sad young skeletons that had never borne blossoms; to plow and fertilize, harrow, plant, cultivate, and irrigate. But now he was no longer a tenant; he was regent of his boy's dominion. I cannot write that he worked harder than ever before, because he had always worked to the limit of his capacity, but certainly in his early fifties Mr. Sato worked as hard as when he was a young man.

The son was a great and enduring source of pride. From the time he learned to walk he imitated his father's efforts; by the time he was five he was doing useful chores. With mixed feelings Mr. Sato saw him go to school; they were mixed too when the boy announced that his name was now George Sato and began answering his father in English. He did not make an issue

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of it or pretend not to understand Japanese; he just didn't speak it.

In 1941 George was seventeen. The mortgage was almost paid off.

After the first shock of Pearl Harbor and their desolate anxiety, the Satos began to believe they would not be affected differently from the rest of the population. Attorney General (now Governor) Warren and other officials expressed their confidence in the loyalty of Japanese-Americans, incidentally remarking upon the importance of the truck crops raised by them to the country's food supply. The picture began to change, however, when economically interested organizations, including the Associated Farmers, the Merchants & Manufacturers Association, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce brought pressure to bear. "All persons of Japanese ancestry" were removed from the Pacific slope and "relocated" in what would have been called concentration camps in any nation less squeamish.

Mr. Sato could do nothing to save the farm. The balance due on the mortgage was small, but in the relocation center he was not allowed to earn money with which to pay it. The bank foreclosed.

Some of the relocation center's inmates were bitter, notably those whose sons were in the Army; the majority accepted the misfortune almost as though it were a catastrophe of nature. Mr. Sato was one of these. He took the loss of the farm and his thirty years of work as he might a flood.

The situation bristled with ironies; one of the sharpest was that the Japanese-Americans of Hawaii, two thousand miles closer to the battlefronts and in a much better position for sabotage, were neither relocated nor interned. Largely from the Hawaiian Nisei but with some from California also, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team was formed. It became in time the most decorated unit in the history of the United States Army.

It was only after George was drafted that Mr. Sato began writing *hokku*—seventeen-syllable poems in Japanese. Mr. Sato wrote English much better than he spoke it, in a neat, clerkly hand, and with a fair approximation of tense. It was only when he spoke that he approached the language warily. Larger and larger parts of his letters to George were in English; George's were, of course, in nothing else. But Mr. Sato never thought of using any tongue but Japanese for poetry.

He wrote more than two thousand *hokku* before he was told he might leave the center if he agreed to work in the Colorado beet fields. There he had no time for *hokku*. Then the war in Europe was suddenly over and most Japanese-Americans were allowed to return to California.

I ran into Mr. Sato shortly after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima; he was worried deeply about his sister and her children. He had no doubt they had survived everything else. But the bomb. . . . He shook his head sadly, so that his pale, floppy cotton hat drooped more mournfully than usual.

I asked him why he had returned to California, since his farm was gone. "Oh," he answered unhesitatingly, "I like here. Too long stay in California. I like here best."

A few months later George was sent to Japan for occupation duty. For the first time in our acquaintance Mr. Sato exhibited an emotional liveliness. Evidently his letters to his son had increased suddenly in number and length, for he was giving minute paternal instructions as to how George should conduct himself, what places he should visit, how he should go about finding his aunt and cousin, and what he should say and how he should act when he found them.

"Ah," Mr. Sato said to me, his face bright with hope, "maybe my boy marry nice Japanese girl. Make good wife. Ah." He sat quietly—it was our lunch time—dreaming for a moment over the *okoko*, pickled radish, in his hand. "You know, very glad, oh very glad my boy in Japan. Maybe not marry Nisei."

"What's wrong with Nisei girls?" I had noted some very charming ones and I wanted to know the defects that had escaped my eye.

"Oh, nothing, nothing." His tone was a nice mixture of tolerance and sarcasm. "Too smart, too smart girl; smoke, paint fingernail, wave hair; talk, talk, talk too much. Not help man outside ranch work—too much machine."

Mr. Sato was suffering the fate of all pioneers, watching the inevitable softening of rugged individualism into integration and adjustment. His spiritual forebears were those backwoodsmen who moved West as soon as they saw the smoke of a neighboring chimney, for the frontier was never closed as long as the country was open to immigrants. But as always, the radically conservative pioneers produced conser-

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atively radical children. George Sato, no matter how much he would be pleased by the beauty of Japan or attracted by the delightful docility of Japanese girls, would inevitably look upon both with the tourist's condescension. Quaint—and alien.

I think Mr. Sato must have known he was fated to have a daughter-in-law with permanently waved hair and informal manners—a *moga*, a modern girl—and Sansei (third-generation) grandchildren who would stare blankly at "grandfather's old-fashioned ways," make fun of his bowing, mimic his Japanese, turn to the television set rather than the writing of *hokku* for solace.

Thanksgiving Day Mr. Sato came to dinner. It was a noisy affair, with the wary hostility inseparable from a gathering of relatives with nothing in common but the marriage of their eccentric children. Mr. Sato served admirably as an object to relieve the tension. Self-consciously he was made the symbol of broadmindedness and magnanimity to a defeated foe. "Be quiet, children; Mr. Sato is saying something. What did you say, Mr. Sato?" "Is that chair comfortable, Mr. Sato?" "Soup too hot, Mr. Sato?" "A little more turkey, Mr. Sato?" But his manners were proof against even the most syrupy courtesy.

In deference to the occasion, Mr. Sato had put aside his ingrained thrift and bought a pack of tailor-made cigarettes, abandoning his muslin sack of tobacco and brown papers. He smoked one halfway through and put it down on his saucer. He rose and half ducked his head in a modified version of a bow. There was no doubt Mr. Sato was about to make a speech.

"Ah," he began, glancing up and down the table, "very happy here today. Very happy. Everywhere people not like other people. Trouble, war, fight. But here everybody so nice. Very kind, very nice. Not know how to say." He put his hand on his chest with a completely unaffected gesture, so that whatever lingering embarrassment there might have been at his naive speechmaking was dissipated. "I cannot say much," he went on. "Thank you. Thank you. Oh, thank you very much." Nodding a second time, the old pioneer sat down and picked up his tailor-made cigarette.—WARD MOORE

Los Alamos Revisited

Laura Fermi, who gives her impressions of Los Alamos here, is the wife of Enrico Fermi, one of the men whose basic research made the atomic bomb possible, and who won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1938.

I lived in Los Alamos for a year and a half during the war and have since gone back three times. On my last visit I flew from Albuquerque in the little four-seater plane that does a shuttle service. To one accustomed to giant commercial airliners it provides a novel experience in flying. To find its way out of the airfield, among larger ships, the little plane swerves, turns around, and goes under the wings of other planes, if convenient. Airborne, it tips in all directions, forwards and backwards, to the left and to the right. It drops, it climbs, and then heads straight toward the Sandia Mountains. It turns to the north and flies over the open desert until it comes close to the Jemez Range. From then on it follows the canyons and the sandy cliffs that close the Rio Grande Valley to the west. The passenger does not feel enclosed, for the entire front of the plane is one large window. He looks around and is surprised at the landscape, so different when seen from above, so vast between the ranges of mountains. At this point he starts to search for the familiar forms of Los Alamos.

On my most recent trip I could already make out Los Alamos' buildings and the smoke from its chimneys in the distance when I noticed with amazement a fairly large village directly beneath us.

"What is this?" I asked the pilot.

"This is White Rock, where the construction workers live."

"But two years ago this was nothing but desert!"

"They can build fast once they set their mind to it," the pilot said.

We had now reached the landing strip, and the plane came down very smoothly.

My husband and son, who had driven out earlier, were waiting for me in front of the guardhouse, where I was required to stop to receive my pass. Only a couple of minutes later we were at the house to which we had been assigned in the Western Area.

How different this was from my first arrival at Los Alamos! At that time my children and I reached Los Alamos two days after my husband had left for a rather long stay at another site of the Manhattan Project.

We had been very anxious to come to this fabulous place, which was refered to only as "Site Y." When we were in Chicago I was instructed to get off the Santa Fe "Chief" at the station at Lamy, and was assured that "somebody" would meet us there. As the time to leave approached, I felt more and more uneasy about the vagueness of the arrangements and asked myself with true concern what we would do if the "somebody" should not appear.

When I met several scientists on the train, some of them old friends whom I had not seen for a long time, I felt very much relieved. After a roundabout conversation it became evident that we were going to the same place, although, of course, its name was not mentioned. Even though our arrival might be overlooked, theirs would not be. But my worries proved to be unfounded. As soon as my children and I set foot in Lamy a blond G.I. came up to me.

"Are you Mrs. Farmer?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered happily, "I am Mrs. Fermi."

"I was told to call you Mrs. Farmer," he replied mildly. This was my first blunder and my first reprimand.

We all got into a G.I. car, not yet

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realizing that as long as we stayed in Los Alamos everything in our lives would be G.I. We were to sit on G.I. chairs; sleep in G.I. beds, under G.I. blankets and sheets; I was to sweep with G.I. brooms, cook on G.I. hot plates (there was no gas in Los Alamos during the war), and apply respectfully for G.I. bulbs whenever we needed replacements.

We left the Rio Grande Valley and started to climb a road which went up and up until, tired of its own climbing, it relented and came out on the flat top of the mesa.

Suddenly we were surrounded by untidiness and disorder: Buildings painted in a mimetic green were scattered at random; streets and roads, the ones not very distinguishable from the others, zigzagged along without any visible goal. Stretches of chicken-wire fence enclosed forbidden areas. Trees had been indiscriminately felled or left standing; construction materials were piled along the streets; shovels, handcarts, and cranes were everywhere.

This fever of construction, this building and rebuilding, this turning the place upside down has always been one of the main features of Los Alamos. So on my last visit I was quite prepared to find the Mesa (as Los Alamos is often called) in its well-known state of everlasting building; I was not surprised at the sea of gluey mud that I was compelled to cross in order to reach the grocery store—they were just making over the parking lot according to more modern traffic plans. Nor was I surprised at the large amounts of tar that we brought home on our shoes and promptly shed on the rugs. But for one feature of present-day Los Alamos I was not prepared: All the houses in the Western Area are surrounded by unbelievably green lawns.

These luxuriant lawns cannot fool even a newcomer. It is evident that grass would not grow by itself in a place like Los Alamos which, if not as dry as the nearby desert, gets rain only in July and August. The lawns are kept green by copious sprinkling. In the old days, during the war, water was always scarce, and we had to economize on showers, laundry, and dishwashing. In the summer of 1945 the situation became critical; we drank an unsavory mixture of algae and chlorine, and washed our dishes in cupfuls of water.

I remember the period when no water at all came out of the faucets and G.I. trucks brought water from the Rio Grande ten miles away.

As I stood in line waiting for my turn to fill my bucket, I would talk with the other women. The youngest were the bitterest: "This is what happens when the Army runs a city: not even enough water," a young mother said. In the baby carriage her small child was squeezed between two big kettles. "They should know better than to lay pipes on the ground and let them freeze in winter. Now they have had to close the laundry, of course. No water." Her anger rose: "Who will wash my baby's two dozen dirty diapers?"

Water now is pumped to the Mesa in great abundance. The sprinklers run, the residents bathe, and every new house has a bathtub.

The nucleus of Los Alamos was a boys' school. The eight or nine stone or log houses that had been the teachers' residences were provided with tubs and came to be known as Bathtub Row. Being by far the best on the project, they were assigned by the housing office to directors, colonels, commanders, and the like.

All of us who lived in apartments equipped with showers instead of tubs strongly disapproved of the residents of Bathtub Row. Among the privileges residents were said to enjoy, one in particular stung envious women: It seemed that the wives in Bathtub Row could obtain extra help at any time, in spite of the strict rules regulating the rationing of maids. This was the more annoying because Los Alamos during the war was the nearest thing to a socialized community that I ever saw.

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The Army ruled all civilian activities and made life uniform. Medical care, for instance, was offered free to the civilians by the Army doctors. Babies were born at the standard rate of fourteen dollars apiece—the cost of food for the mother during her two weeks' confinement in the Army hospital.

Family life depended on the housing office, run by WAC's whose first duty was to assign apartments to the newly arrived. This was done on the basis of the number of children in the family: Childless couples were put in one-bedroom apartments; couples with one and two children were given respectively two- and three-bedroom flats. No allowance had been made for larger numbers of children. The rents varied with the salary of the tenant rather than with the size of the apartment. Our neighbor, a machine worker, lived in an apartment identical to ours but paid less than half the rent.

Once you had been assigned an apartment your chances of moving into another one were almost negligible, even if your furnace became a fire hazard or if your downstairs neighbors and their friends practiced their jazz into the small hours of the morning. There was always a housing shortage, but independently of it the housing office would have discouraged anyone from taking upon himself the decision of where to live.

Another very controversial function of the housing office was that of distributing the Indian and Spanish-American maids to the women who had applied for household help. "Security" considered the maids safe in daytime but a hazard at night, so they were not allowed to sleep on the Mesa. Every morning G.I. buses rounded them up from their pueblos and brought them to Los Alamos. All reported to the housing office, where they received their assignment for the day, consisting usually of two half-day periods at different homes. Some girls had to be ready for the bus as early as 5:30 A.M., though their work, and consequently their pay, did not start until 8:30.

With the rapid increase in population there was soon a maid shortage, and the housing office had to resort to rationing. The rules were complex and took into account the age and number of children in the family and the number of hours, if any, that the mother worked. Pregnancy and health conditions recognized by a physician were also considered. In my case, having two children above five years of age, I was entitled to no help at all when I was not working, and to two half days a week when I was working part time.

Now that the military administration has surrendered its powers to the civilian Atomic Energy Commission, Los Alamos tends to become similar to any small town. Most of the socialistic features have been abandoned. Although residents cannot own their homes—all buildings belong to the AEC—they have some choice in renting houses, which they pay for according to size and location. Medical services are free no longer, although the output of babies has not appreciably slackened.

The external uniformity of the town has given place to a more varied architectural plan: The old mimetic-green buildings have been repainted in cheerful creamy white; the newly built houses are in the style and color that the tourist might expect in the Southwest. Furthermore, Los Alamos under the AEC has gained geographical recognition. It is not usual to live in a community that does not exist on the map, that has no official status but is only a post-office box, even if in that box —as a reporter once stated—babies were born and carloads of furniture were dumped. The six thousand wartime residents were not considered part of the population of New Mexico; they could not vote or participate in public affairs; they had no say in the administration of their town. As far as the world at large was concerned they did not exist at all.

Nowadays Los Alamos is still fenced off from the rest of the world, but social intercourse with outsiders is permissible and officially regulated.

An example of the new normality is provided by the present attitude of women toward their possibilities of work. When I first arrived, wives seemed possessed by an irresistible desire to work inside the Technical Area. Curiosity to learn what was going on inside the fence, a wish to share in the war effort, unwillingness to be completely left out of the men's activities, difficulty in finding other satisfactory

'The Indian and Spanish-American maids . . . reported to the housing office'

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'The green domes of the Jemez Range come close to the Mesa . . .'

occupations—all these factors led the women to seek such employment.

I too succumbed to the wives' disease and entered the pearly gates of the Technical Area. For over a year I was a three-eighths-of-the-time worker as clerical assistant to the doctor's secretary. The employment office had classified my abilities in the lowest category and I was paid at the lowest rate. Three-eighths of the lowest rate was not very much, but I was busy, happy and out of mischief.

No longer do the women seem particularly enticed by the mere idea of working in the Technical Area; either they are satisfied with their household duties or they find other outlets.

In Los Alamos, apart from their essential participation in the nation's defense effort, men live as men do in any suburban community. They support their families; they are fathers, husbands, household helpers, repairmen, and so on.

They wake up at 7 A.M., when the Technical Area blows its siren. They start work at eight, when the siren blows again. They crowd through the gates of the Technical Area showing their badges. Once inside the gates, they are in a world of their own which cannot be shared by their wives and children, for most of their work is still secret. A scientist in Los Alamos differs from a suburban husband in that he is never asked by his wife: "What did you do at the office today?"

The Los Alamos scientists are also more likely than average American men to be concerned with and to become vocal on political issues, mainly in the international field. They give lectures, hold debates, and write articles for newspapers and magazines.

This seems to me the reverse of their attitude during the war. The men may say that they were always interested in politics, that they foresaw the implications of the Atomic Age for humanity. If so, I was not aware of it. Perhaps because they could not even mention the word "atomic" in front of us, perhaps because they were so much absorbed in their tasks that they had little time and desire for general speculation, perhaps for other reasons, the fact remains that to us wives they appeared politically aloof and unconcerned with the problems that their discoveries might create. Not even after the test at Alamogordo, in June, 1945, did I hear any explicit reference to the atomic bomb and its future repercussions.

Then came President Truman's announcement of Hiroshima, read over the paging system of the Technical Area after its release to the press.

The excitement in Los Alamos was immense. The children became unexpectedly aware and consequently proud of their fathers' achievements. Some adults rejoiced that the end of the war was in sight. Others suffered at the thought of the many dead and the many still dying of the effects of the bomb. Some would have liked to run away and hide.

Many scientists were unhappy over the way the bomb had been used. They felt a moral responsibility that they had not experienced, or at least had never formulated, up to then. It was as if the ivory tower in which men dedicated to study and research always live had crumbled at the blast of the bomb, and the consequences of atomic warfare had come to rest on their shoulders. They were aroused. They clarified and defined their positions on questions of national and international control of atomic energy. Whenever they were given the opportunity they took a public stand. They planned meetings and lectures to educate laymen. For this purpose they organized the Federation of Atomic Scientists of Los Alamos. Similar groups sprang up all over the United States among scientists who had carried on atomic research elsewhere.

Thus Los Alamos changes with the needs of the times, as anything man-made will change. The mountains and desert around it, the canyons and the cliffs, do not follow man's rhythm; they stand unchanged.

The green domes of the Jemez Range come close to the Mesa from the west and north. To the south and east the eye can wander far through the transparent spaces, and will find a boundary only in the remote ridge of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

The morning mist climbs from the Rio Grande Valley up the flanks of the Sangre de Cristo, pushing it back in dimness and uncertainty. But in the evening, when the sun has set behind the Jemez and its rays still light the east, the Sangre de Cristo comes closer, pink in the afterglow. Small clouds play above its peaks. The earth casts its shadow in the darkening sky; then the light fades and a steely chill descends upon the Mesa. —LAURA FERMI

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Arizona's 'Amateur' Governor: The Saga of Howard Pyle

For most of the thirty-nine years that it has been a state, Arizona has been in one of the Democratic Party's vest pockets. There seemed little reason why it should not remain there last summer when the Republicans picked an ex-radio announcer and verse reader named Howard Pyle as their candidate for governor.

Pyle appeared a weak choice. He had never run for office; he was not a "cowboy" (cattleman) or a veteran; he was not backed by the railroad, copper, cotton, or citrus people on the one hand, or by labor, the pensioners, the Mormons, the Navajos, or the schoolteachers on the other. Though he was a vice-president of the Arizona Broadcasting System, he did not rank as an outstanding business leader. Most of the newspapers, remembering that Arizona had 225,000 registered Democrats to 50,000 Republicans, were solidly for his opponent.

Even the Republicans found it difficult to take Pyle seriously. He had been put up, it was guardedly admitted, mostly to probe Democratic strength and to pave the way for the 1952 campaign, when the Republicans intended to make their all-out bid for the governorship with Barry Goldwater, a handsome and popular ex-Hump flier and scion of Arizona's first mercantile family. "You might say this Pyle was a sacrificial lamb," explains one Republican strategist. "After his defeat, we planned to autopsy him for hints that would help Goldwater later on."

Pyle might have concluded that his opponent, Ana Frohmiller, Arizona's long-time auditor and one of the best-liked Democrats in state history, was the easy victor everybody said she was. Instead, he insisted on counting his blessings. There were at least four of them. One was that some fifty per cent of Arizona's voters are Republican at heart despite the state's overwhelmingly Democratic registration. Arizona's urgent need to clean out the bureaucratic sludge that had accumulated in decades of one-party rule was another. The third blessing was Pyle's own larynx. In twenty years of local news and special-events broadcasting, plus hundreds of quarter-hour poetry readings, Pyle had acquired Arizona's best-known voice. Hundreds of lonely ranch wives scattered over the Arizona barrens had often been eased by the sonorous tones of Pyle.

The fourth, and probably the most important, of Pyle's political blessings

Governor Howard Pyle

was his amateur standing—his determination to shrug off the heavy hand of political monopoly. Arizona, long held in fief by such huge absentee landowners as the Phelps Dodge Corporation (copper), were infinitely weary of the heavy hand.

Following the announcement of his candidacy in June of 1950, Pyle, forty-five years old, bald-headed, slightly built, and, by Arizona standards, slightly citified, sat down, with his assets and liabilities firmly in mind, to study the situation. The principal Republican issue, clearly, was the revival of Arizona's two-party system. To press it, the party had rather feeble organizations in Maricopa and Pima Counties, which contain, respectively, Phoenix and Tucson. If he was to make any kind of show, Pyle reasoned, he would have to do it more or less on his own.

To overcome the staggering problem of space, Pyle enlisted Barry Goldwater, who owned a plane, as his campaign manager. That settled, Pyle began flying all over the state to rallies of Republican workers, and, in fact, to any group that would listen to him. When they heard him on the radio, various overt or incipient Republicans were moved to contribute funds, and with these Pyle rented billboards, issued pamphlets (in which his party affiliation was never mentioned), sent out workers, called "Pyle Drivers," to sell buttons, and bought more air time. Then he began his attempt, still wondered at in Arizona, to shake the hand of most of the 750,000 in the Union's fifth largest state in area.

Some say he very nearly succeeded. In less than five months, Pyle flew more than twenty-six thousand miles without crossing the boundaries of Arizona. He visited sixty-five cities and towns, and many dozens of places below town size. Cowhands inhabiting clusters of ranch buildings on the rim of the Grand Canyon were routed out to view him; copper miners in the hill country were called from their work; prospector camps in the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest knew his presence; city folks were stopped on street cor-

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ners; sheepherders were pursued back into the mesquite; farmers were fetched from their fields and orchards. In one village so small and remote that many state maps miss it altogether, pilot Goldwater had to buzz rooftops to get out a crowd.

The Navajo, Hopi, Apache, Papago, and Pima Indians had their first political caller in Pyle. Faced by Arizona's original displaced persons, Pyle had to talk smoothly and fast. Arizona's Indians were denied the vote until 1948, when the Democrats excised from the state constitution a clause that had disfranchised "people under guardianship" (e.g., the feeble-minded and reservation Indians). Properly organized, the Indians might one day make up the most powerful voting bloc in Arizona, and Pyle, a reasonably farsighted man, reminded them of that fact. As a result of his visit, the Republicans carried the newly enfranchised and made a start toward building an Indian-Republican bloc.

Before such quasi-political forces as Central Arizona Light & Power, the cattle and sheepmen's associations, the factory-farmers of cotton and citrus, the railroads, insurance companies, and such absentee copper giants as Phelps Dodge, Anaconda, Nevada Consolidated, and American Smelting & Refining, Pyle stubbornly repeated the theme that Arizona must come first and party, and even corporation politics, last. This view was received coolly.

In other talks, Pyle unabashedly endorsed the program for complete reorganization of Arizona's bureaucratic structure and tax system that had been begun by the Democratic legislature in 1948-1949. Occasionally, when he appeared before gatherings of cattle wranglers in a business suit, Pyle felt obliged to remind them that he was a native Westerner, born in Sheridan, Wyoming, the son of a Baptist minister, and that he had worked with his hands in Texas, Oklahoma, and Nebraska as a janitor, farm hand, mechanic, and railroad timekeeper. When his listeners were businessmen, he stressed his rise in radio advertising, promotion, and production management, and his experience as chairman of various fund-raising drives ("Pyle Knows Arizona!"). Before female audiences, the hard core of his political strength, he dwelt on the fact that he had (like Tom Dewey) started out to be a concert singer, that he was the father of two daughters, teacher of a Sunday-school class and an ex-Pacific correspondent who had broadcast the surrender ceremonies aboard the battleship *Missouri* for all networks. Whatever the make-up of his audience, he never failed to stress the fact that he was an amateur, interested solely in better government for other amateurs.

The newly enfranchised: Pyle won the Indians to the G.O.P.

By mid-campaign, the Democrats, who had considered Pyle's gyrations about the state rather touching, began to worry and to get to work. But as he stole more and more of their best issues, such as governmental and tax reorganization, and put them to his own use, they became confused and began to quarrel among themselves at their own rallies. On Election Day this confusion reached its peak. Arizonans, who despite the hubbub had been waiting for Amateur Pyle to run into a stone wall, were thoroughly astonished to find that the wall had not materialized. The count was close—Pyle won by a mere 2,991 votes.

To comfort each other, Democrats pointed to victories in every other race of any importance, and to the return of Democrats to all of Arizona's nineteen state-senate seats and to sixty-one of its seventy-two house seats. Implicit in this reminder was the prediction that Pyle would be impotent before his legislature; that all of his much-trumpeted Arizona-before-party program would be shelved until a Democratic governor had been put in office.

Republican strategists, who were scarcely less surprised than the Democrats, were also inclined to agree that Pyle would have hard going among the opposition in the legislature. They were jubilant, of course, even though they did not know what would become of Barry Goldwater's carefully laid plans for 1952.

When Governor Pyle moved into Arizona's pink-stone, silver-domed Capitol Building in Phoenix, he had much to consider. One sure way to alienate the legislature would be to sweep all Democrats out of appointive offices—such as those in the liquor and highway commissions. Pyle decided to avoid this unpleasantness by appointing an equal number of Democrats and Republi-

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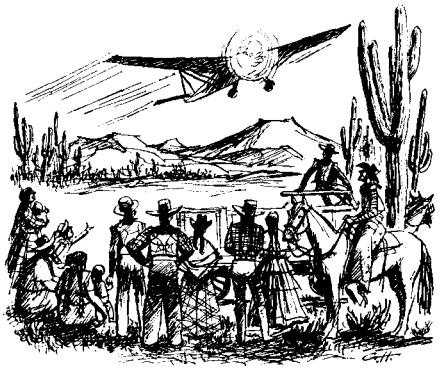
cans. It would be easy to co-operate with the legislature on its reorganization programs. Arizona was laden with 115 bureaus and agencies which took most executive functions out of the governor's hands. This costly, top-heavy, tape-bound superstructure had been set up by previous legislatures to ensure that Arizona would never be made away with by extra-strong men like George W. P. Hunt, the state's first governor, who was returned to office seven times.

Governor Pyle's message at the opening of the legislative session last January was a longer version of his campaign theme—Arizona must come first, party politics second. Veteran Capitol reporters shook their heads at it—they could not decide whether it concealed some secret motive or was merely naive. A week later, they concluded that Pyle's trouble was that he was still playing amateur, seemingly trusting to the legislators' better nature. Certainly, something queer was going on. Every day, Pyle padded up and down among the Democratic lawmakers in the corridors with all the smiling, open friendliness in the world. Stranger still, this kind of thing seemed to be infectious: When Pyle stopped to urge passage of some bill or other, legislators found themselves smiling and nodding agreement. Impressive as this sight was to reporters, they nevertheless knew that it was unnatural and could not last.

But then Pyle's bill to reorganize the health, welfare, and correction departments under one administrator, Dr. Clarence G. Salzbury, widely known as the "sagebrush physician" of the Navajo country, passed with a remarkable majority. Other bills, to cut Arizona's bureaus from 115 to fifteen (cutting dozens of jobs at the same time) also passed. A bill indirectly aimed at breaking up the Democratic spoils system in the state passed too, and when this was followed by rapid passage of still other Pyle bills, the reporters went to the governor to demand an explanation. Exuding the magnetism for which he is famed, Pyle explained that the legislators, many of whom are Democrats in registration only, had been looking for years for an opportunity to give Arizona a functional and economical government, reasonably responsive to the will of the people. All they needed was an amateur to lead them.



Some of Pyle's bills stalled in committee, of course. His attempt to put through a use tax, with no exceptions, was stunned, if not brained outright, by big out-of-state buyers like the railroads. His move to tax wealthy school districts more heavily than poor ones —"to tax wealth where it is to educate children where they are"—was also detained in committee, as was his attempt to stabilize the state tax rate, so that taxes would not go down in election years and rise precipitately in the years between.

But when the legislative session closed in March, Pyle had clearly got more co-operation out of a Democratic legislature than had any preceding governor, Democratic or Republican.

With only one legislative session behind him, of course, it is still much too early to assess Pyle's value to Arizona.

His value to the Republican National Committee is much more clear. Politically, Pyle's victory in Democratic Arizona is almost as arresting as though it had occurred somewhere in the South. Coupled with the equally surprising victory of Republican gubernatorial candidate Edwin Mechem, an ex-FBI man, in neighboring New Mexico, it might even constitute a trend away from the Solid West the Democrats have been trying to build. It might also be a good omen for Republican chances in the national elections of 1952.

Whatever it is, Republican leaders, who have favored Arizona with unusual attention in recent months, have made a close study of Pyle, his success and his methods. It might just be possible that the amateur approach, after the disastrous, close-to-the-vest national Republican approach of recent years, could be just the thing for 1952. Not that Pyle himself could be considered Presidential timber—Arizona, after all, has only four electoral votes. But Pyle, a lifelong salesman, might have an angle about him somewhere that would resell the United States on the much-rejected, apparently dim personality of the G.O.P. This possibility has interested Republican leaders enough to cause them to invite Pyle to attend national parleys on 1952 strategy. The expectation in Arizona is that Pyle, whose voice is even more resonant and polished than that of Thomas E. Dewey himself, may emerge from these meetings as the keynote speaker for the next Republican National Convention.

At the moment, Governor Pyle's national influence, if any, is on trial. A few weeks ago, he appeared before the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee of the House, which is trying to help decide whether Arizona or California shall have the lion's share of Colorado River water. Arizona's Democratic governors have never got anywhere with it, but if Pyle, by some fraternal wigwagging to influential Republican members, should get somewhere, he will positively go down in Arizona history as a greater figure than Geronimo. If he should get nowhere, of course, he may go down at the polls. Governors come and go, but in Arizona there is never enough water

—Richard A. Donovan

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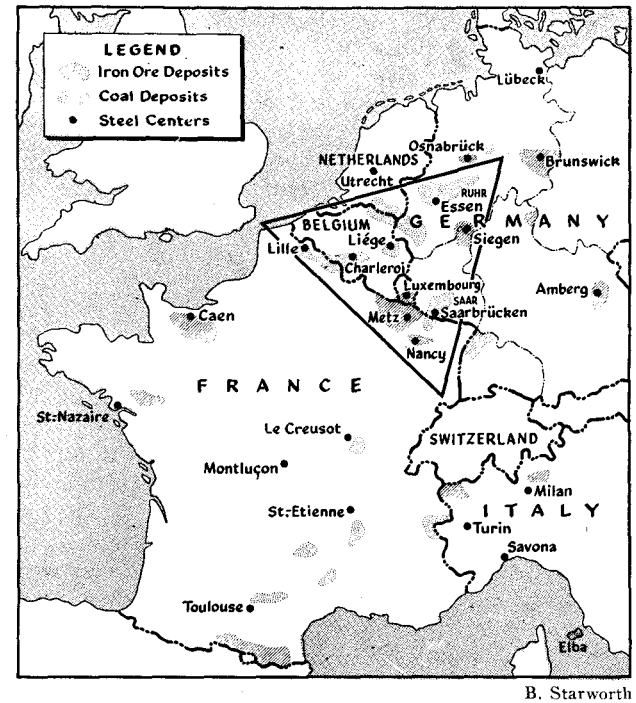
The Schuman Plan: A First Step



B. Starworth

The coal-and-iron triangle of western Europe

A year ago, in May, 1950, the French Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman, announced a proposal for fusing French and German coal and steel production under the supervision of a common "High Authority." The American press greeted the Schuman Plan with enthusiasm. Since then the plan has been unreported for long periods; only the tops of its masts have been visible above the turbulence of the Korean War, our massive defense program, the debate on rearming Germany, and the shifting tides of United States-Soviet dissension. Toward the end of last month, however, the plan came finally into view, full-rigged and with pennants flying. Now we can study the lines of its hull and superstructure.

Serious work on the Schuman Plan began last June when a conference of representatives of six governments—France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg—was convened in Paris. The chairman of the conference was Jean Monnet, the president of the French Planning Commission, who is recognized as being the originator and chief architect of the plan. By this March, the conferees had developed a draft treaty of ninety-five articles, together with various conventions and protocols. Certain political questions which this draft treaty left open were then resolved at a meeting of the six Foreign Ministers, who signed the completed treaty on April 18, 1951.

The treaty cannot, however, become effective until it has been ratified by each of the six national parliaments. Its most serious challenge will come at Bonn: Some German industrialists who have opposed its anti-cartel provisions will presumably join the Social Democrats in seeking its defeat. On the other hand, there are indications that many of the trade-union representatives will support the plan. If the treaty is approved by the Bundestag, it should not run into serious opposition in any of the other parliaments, in spite of the fact that the *patronat* organizations—the N.A.M. of Europe—strongly oppose its rejection of the sacred principles of cartelization. Since the attacks on the treaty are likely to be noisy, demagogic, and, to Americans at least, bewildering, it is important that we fill in some of the gaps in our understanding of the plan.

The genius of the Schuman Plan is that it is at the same time political and economic in purpose. Its economic purpose is to assure the efficient production of coal and steel to provide these basic commodities at low cost. To that end, the plan contemplates the creation of a single market for coal and steel. This, in turn, led the draftsmen to provide for a political authority that could supervise the enterprises within that single market without being bound by the policies of individual national states. The creation of a political body having supranational powers is even more significant than the economic purposes of the plan. As a matter of emphasis, the plan is rather an effort to change political institutions by concentrating on basic economic problems than an effort to attain an economic end by the use of a new political technique.

All other attempts since the war in the direction of European unification have taken the form of international organizations that are powerless to act without full agreement among the member states. The Schuman Plan treaty is the first venture into the realm of the *supra*national, the first step toward the creation of a European federal authority with certain of the characteristics of sovereignty. Schuman hoped to end the "sanguinary divisions" that have marked the relations of France and Germany, and to provide the "first step in the federation of Europe." Whereas earlier institutions had represented almost imperceptible progress along a broad front, the Schuman Plan institutions would, in his view, represent substantial progress along a "limited but decisive" front.

The treaty creates a specialized kind of federal state, to be known as the European Coal and Steel Community. The executive of the Community is the High Authority, a board consisting of nine members, one of whom serves as president. The members of this board, who will serve for renewable terms of six years, are to be "chosen for their general competence" and are not to represent either particular countries or the coal and steel industries. The judicial power is entrusted to a Court of Justice, consisting of

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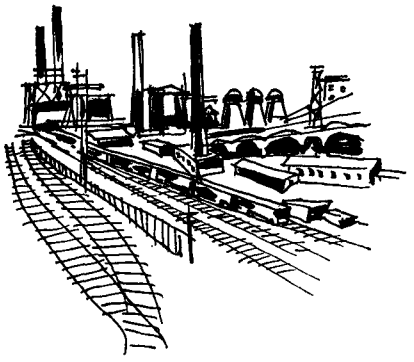
seven judges, also appointed for renewable six-year terms. The government of the Community has very little power that can properly be called legislative, since the treaty itself serves both as a constitution and as a code. However, a parliamentary function is performed by a Common Assembly, which convenes annually to review the work of the High Authority and can force the resignation of the High Authority by a vote of censure.

Since the government of the Community is to have jurisdiction over only a limited sector of the economies of the six nations, the smaller nations insisted upon some mechanism for making adjustments between acts of the Community and policies pursued by the national governments in the other sectors of their economies. This has taken the form of a Special Council, consisting of Ministers of the six governments, which will meet intermittently and which must be consulted before certain specific acts can be taken by the High Authority.

Within the limits of its jurisdiction, the government of the Community has certain definite attributes of sovereignty. The coal and steel enterprises are, in a sense, the citizens. The High Authority has the power to levy taxes up to a fixed percentage of the total value of their production. It has certain spending powers. It has the power to police the Community to prevent unfair competition and other antisocial practices. The High Authority can directly enforce its decisions against enterprises by imposing fines and penalties.

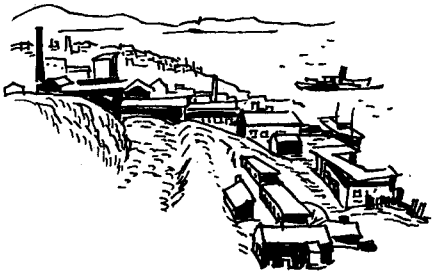
As another indication of sovereignty, the High Authority is not responsible to the member governments; it is responsible to the Common Assembly. The members of the Common Assembly, in turn, will not be elected or appointed by their respective governments; they will be elected either by their national parliaments or directly by the people.



Finally, the High Authority can act not only directly on enterprises but also directly with respect to national governments. It can issue binding orders regarding any of their actions that are harmful to coal and steel enterprises in other member states. What is more, it can impose sanctions against states to compel compliance.

The transfer of sovereignty from the member states to the Community will not, of course, affect the ownership of the coal and steel enterprises. The Schuman Plan is intended to bring about an industrial, not a social, revolution. The enterprises within the Community will continue to be owned privately, publicly, or by mixed capital, as the social philosophy of the particular national state may dictate. The Community will leave the entrepreneur with as much freedom of action as possible, consistent with the maintenance of the conditions of a single market.

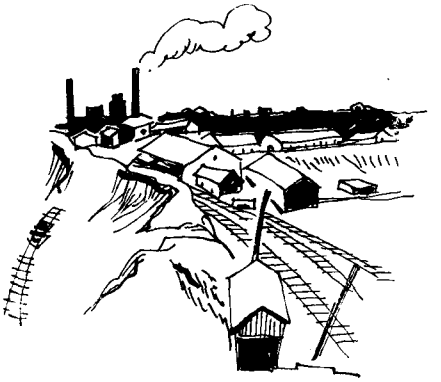
The institutions of the Community are not, as someone has said of the Council of Europe, "a government in search of a job." Their economic tasks are specifically set forth in the treaty. Since the major economic objective is to bring about the creation of a single market for coal and steel, the functioning of the Community can be understood only in terms of the conditions presently characterizing the European coal and steel industries.



A very large part of the coal and iron ore of western Europe is found in an equilateral triangle less than half the area of Alabama. The base of this triangle, in the north, is formed by the coal deposits that stretch from the Ruhr westward across the Netherlands and Belgium into northern France; the apex, in the south, by the iron-ore deposits of Lorraine and the coal mines of the Saar. This area forms a natural complex—a region intended by the logic of economic and geographic facts to exist and flourish within a single political unit. The European wars of the last eighty years have in part been caused by the fact that the region is divided among five nations.

Under present conditions the interchange of the materials essential to the steel industry of western Europe is hampered by national borders. Lorraine iron ore is separated from Ruhr coal and coke. The Netherlands, with an adequate supply of coke and coal, has needed to import iron ore from France. The Luxembourg steel industry has depended on German coke. Following nationalistic policies, the western European states have adopted practices creating artificial distortions in the price structure, discriminated in transport rates, imposed import and export restrictions, encouraged investment in badly situated industries, subsidized marginal facilities, and exploited uneconomic resources.

The efficiency of the steel industries has been limited not only by this separation of the necessary raw materials but also by the separation of their natural customers. The techniques of mass production can lower prices significantly only if the market to be served is large, so that particular producers can specialize in a few standard products. Yet, while the total population of the six countries equals that of the United States, West Germany, the largest single *national* market, has fewer than fifty million persons. Steel producers, who might have been content with a small unit return if they could have been sure of big volume,



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have had to seek a high *rate* of profit rather than a large total profit. Lacking the capital for modernization, they have used obsolete machinery and outworn methods, relying upon cartelization to suppress competition.

These unhealthy conditions at the base of European industry have been reflected throughout the entire price structure. The introduction of efficient, low-cost methods in the fabrication of consumer goods would be only partially effective without low-cost coal and steel. On the other hand, a revolution at the base might transform the whole.

The first step is to be taken by the individual national governments. They have pledged that as soon as the treaty becomes effective they will act to eliminate tariffs and other trade obstructions so as to create a single market for coal and steel. Under the agreement it is contemplated that the single market will become effective for coal, iron ore, and scrap iron within six months after the High Authority is established, and for steel within two months thereafter. The High Authority will attempt to assure that a user of coal or steel within the Community can obtain the product on equal terms with any other user, subject to differences in transport cost.

The High Authority will move as soon as possible to eliminate discriminatory freight rates. With a mass market subject to the play of competitive forces, an incentive will be provided for the development of large-scale, low-cost specialized production. Necessarily such a process will in time result in the elimination of inefficient producing units. This gives the Community two tasks: to minimize the damage to capital and labor from the closing down of mines and mills; and to provide capital for the increase of production in the more efficient ones.

The framers of the treaty have allowed for a period during which certain transitional measures will be taken, in view of the differences in production costs in the various nations. These differences will be adjusted so far as possible by providing funds for the modernization of backward mines or mills or by allowing limited subsidies, to be paid by the High Authority or by nations. The scale of such subsidies will decline progressively during the period required to achieve the modernization of the mines and mills or their conversion to other uses. The most serious problem of this kind was encountered with respect to the mines in southern Belgium, which are unable to produce except at very high cost in a highly protected market. After long discussion, provisions were agreed upon for equalization funds to be paid to high-cost Belgian producers during a transitional period of five years.

The High Authority is given substantial continuing economic powers. However, these powers are to be used sparingly. The High Authority will provide incentives for enterprises to modernize their production and reduce costs and prices, rather than intervene directly to compel such action. In fact, the Community is directed to "accomplish its mission . . . with limited direct intervention" and "with as little administrative machinery as possible." It will rely, so far as possible, not on compulsion but on consultation, on persuasion, and, through a full disclosure of facts, on the pressure of informed public opinion.

The principal contingencies foreseen

as justifying intervention after the single market begins to work are such unusual circumstances as a serious decline in demand, which the framers of the treaty remembered vividly from the 1930's, or a serious shortage of coal and steel during a boom or war, a more imminent possibility. In the first case the High Authority, with the concurrence of a majority of the Council, may establish a system of production quotas and may levy on producers exceeding their quotas to support full employment among producers falling short. In case of coal or steel shortages, the Council, on the basis of proposals by the High Authority, may by unanimous vote establish consumption priorities and may allocate the Community's coal and steel resources among various consumers; the High Authority would then lay down manufacturing programs to meet these priorities and allocations.

As might have been expected, industrial opposition to the Schuman Plan has been focused most intensely on the treatment of cartels and concentrations of industrial power. While the framers of the treaty were perfectly willing that the High Authority maintain close relations with associations of coal and steel producers for purposes of information and technical assistance, they could not allow it to relinquish its delegated sovereignty to the private interests that were offering themselves as the only bodies qualified to administer the details of regulation. The French delegation was particularly insistent on this point, and finally succeeded in bringing both cartels and industrial concentrations within the control of the High Authority.

Cartel agreements—defined as any practices that would tend to fix prices, restrict production or investments, or allocate markets or sources of supply—are flatly forbidden, although the High Authority may permit certain exceptions. Horizontal concentrations of industrial power, which if properly controlled may contribute substantially to industrial efficiency, are not abolished outright; neither are vertical concentrations, which the framers believed would be reprehensible only when a producer with a capacity to produce components in excess of his end-product needs used his power to squeeze his end-product competitors. Those that exist at present were not thought sufficiently dangerous (given the forthcoming deconcentration of industrial holdings in the Ruhr). Future concentrations must in general be submitted to the High Authority for prior authorization.

The Coal and Steel Community is so far purely continental. However, it is hoped that other European countries will eventually join. Of these, the most important is, of course, Great Britain. One of the first tasks of the Community will be to negotiate a *modus vivendi* to harmonize the British market and the

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single market of the Community. Whether the British will one day become full partners in the Community is difficult to foretell. Britain's reluctance to yield sovereignty is understandable in terms of its relations with the Commonwealth. Moreover, Britain's coal and steel industries have never been fully interdependent with the industries of the Ruhr-Belgian-French triangle. Prewar Britain was a major exporter of coal, particularly to France, but that coal was used mostly for steam-raising purposes rather than for the production of steel, and the resumption of any substantial British coal exports seems improbable. Britain has been largely self-sufficient not only in coke but also in iron ore; its major commerce with the continent in this sector has been as a market for semi-finished and finished steel.

The Schuman Plan conference will live in history for having challenged two of the most sacred cows of modern Europe—national sovereignty and cartelization. This is a bold adventure. Already it has had its effects upon the European imagination. The Pleven Plan for a European army is now being negotiated. The French Minister of Agriculture has put forward a plan to fuse European agricultural production within a single market. Similar plans will almost certainly follow.

Whether the pattern of the Schuman Plan can be repeated successfully remains to be seen. In any event, its importance lies not so much in the pattern it presents as in the dynamism that flows from the recognition that modern European states can agree upon a set of federal institutions—institutions that will, at least in a "limited but decisive" area, exercise supranational authority.

History has shown that in the progress toward federation the crucial element is not so much the capacity of a particular institution for adaptation or expansion. It is rather the creative qualities of which the institution is an exercise and a proof, the momentum imparted toward the goal of federation by the pride of initial achievements, and the development of federal habits of thought. Thus, when the Schuman Plan is understood in its largest sense, it can be seen that the present treaty is not its ultimate, but only its temporary, fulfillment. —GEORGE W. BALL

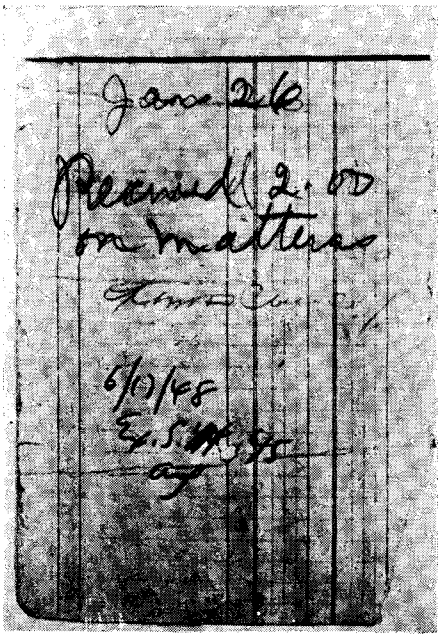
The Case Of the Trenton Six—II

In the tangle of local politics, race tensions, and Communist manipulation that has made the Case of the Trenton Six internationally famous, the question of whether six Negroes, now standing trial for the third time, did or did not murder a junk dealer named William Horner three years ago has been discussed on almost everything except its merits. Kangaroo courts have been passing judgment on the Communist and Republican Parties, the Trenton police, and the American judicial system. Only the jury, which has been sealed off from the press and the public since March 5, is bound by oath to judge the case solely on the strength of the evidence.

The evidence being what it is, the jury's job is enormously difficult. Apart from anything new that might come up at this trial, there are 6,035 pages of testimony from the first trial, during the summer of 1948; and legal snarls resulting from the State Supreme Court's 1949 reversal of that trial's verdict and from the mistrial in February of this year. The record is clogged with hazy and conflicting memories, baffling syntax, and inexplicable contradictions. No single decisive piece of evidence has ever been discovered.

The Crime

The murder of William Horner occurred at about 10:30 on the morning of January 27, 1948, in a tiny, cluttered used-furniture store at 213 North Broad Street, in Trenton, New Jersey. The victim, who was seventy-two, had lived in seclusion with his common-law wife for thirty years. He was found sprawled over a mattress in the rear room of his shop, the back of his head bashed in by a blunt instrument. The attackers also injured Mrs.



A murderer's signature?

Horner's head and broke two of her ribs, but she was able to crawl to the door for help. She recovered.

Presumably, the motive was robbery; Horner was known to carry all his money on his person. The police, however, found $1,642 in his trousers pockets. Mrs. Horner, who was carrying $900 in her stocking, found the money intact after she arrived at the hospital.

Mrs. Horner said that three colored men had come into the shop; that two of them had been in a week before and left two dollars as a deposit on a used mattress; that the same two had returned the day before the murder to get their deposit back, and one had signed a receipt for the money. She had heard him called "Jessup" or "Jessam" or "Eppson." Police found the receipt on a nail in her kitchen. The signature was too faint to be de-

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cipherable, but seemed smoothly written (*see cut on page 33*).

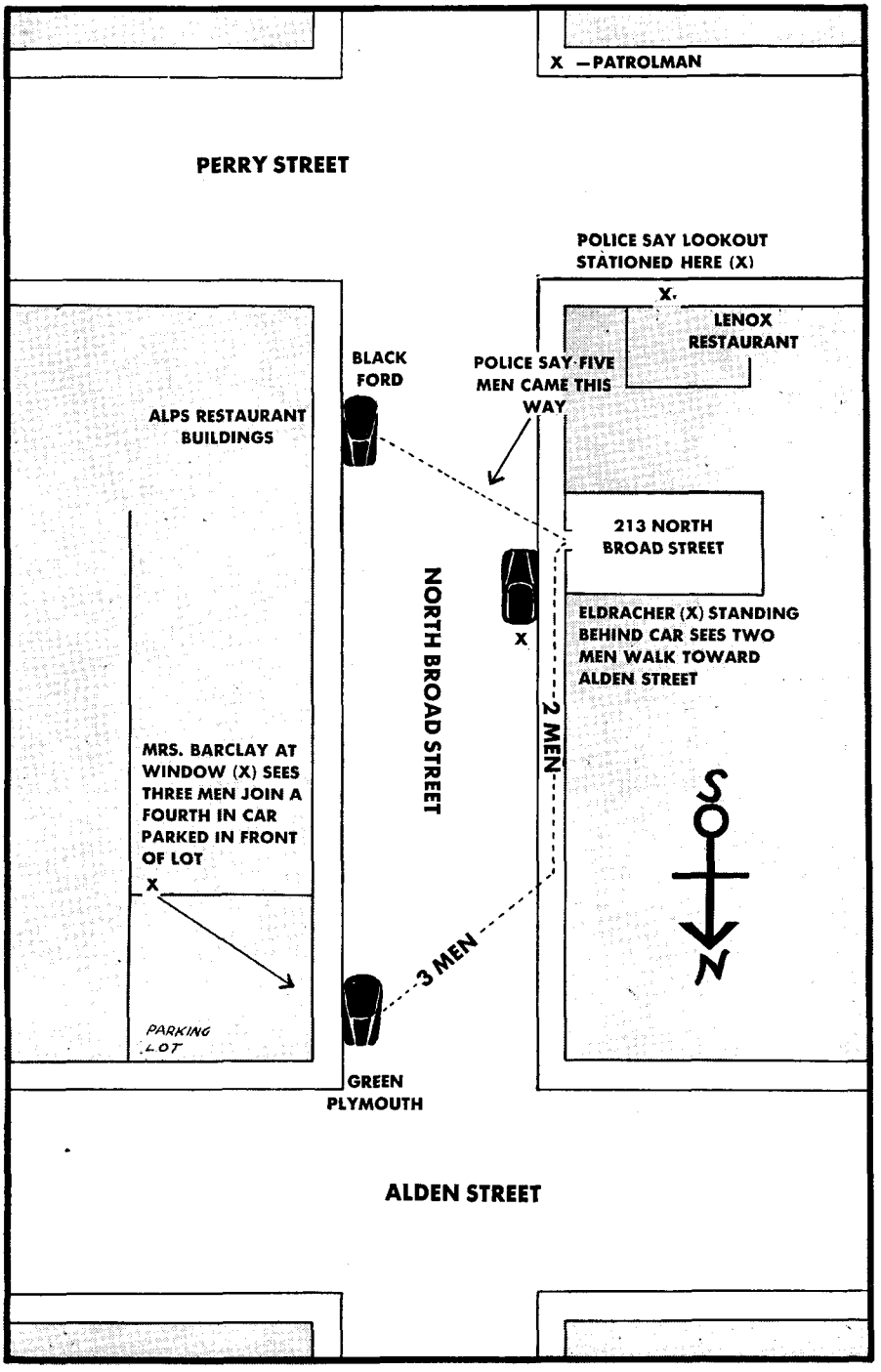
On the morning of the crime, Mrs. Horner reported, these two went into the back room with Horner to look at the mattress again. The third man asked her to show him a stove. As she leaned over the stove, she heard a "scuffle" in the back room; then she felt a crash on her head. By the time she got to the door, the men were gone.

She described one as "about twenty or twenty-three," five feet eleven, about 190 pounds, with a pencil mustache, and wearing a dark-blue double-breasted overcoat. She thought the second was about five feet six, heavy, dark-skinned, wearing eyeglasses and dark clothes. She could not describe the third.

A cigar salesman named Eldracher was at the back of his car, which was parked in front of the Horner store, when Mrs. Horner crawled to her door, and he called the patrolman at the corner. Eldracher told police that about a minute and a half before he saw Mrs. Horner, two light-skinned young Negroes left the store and walked "very slowly" northward (*see map*). Both were poorly dressed, and the shorter was the lighter-skinned of the two. Eldracher did not think he could identify the men.

The corner patrolman signaled headquarters at 10:55 A.M. Within a few minutes, squad cars had cordoned off the block, and the police began questioning its residents. Only one had anything useful to say—Mrs. Virginia Barclay, who had been at her window overlooking a parking lot at the northern end of the block (*see map*). She said that "around eleven" or "after eleven" or "about eleven-thirty," she had seen a green four-door Plymouth sedan with a trunk on its back, parked at the Broad Street corner. A Negro in a green coat was at the wheel. Three others, all light-skinned, came running across the street from the south and entered the car, and it roared away. She said one "looked like a kid" and was wearing silver-rimmed glasses; another had on a "blue-black coat"; she could not describe the third.

The police promptly sent out statewide teletype alarms describing four men (including the driver Mrs. Barclay had seen) and stating: TRENTON POLICE DEFINITELY CERTAIN THAT CAR IN QUESTION IS 1936-1937 BLUISH-GREEN PLYMOUTH SEDAN.



Area of the Horner murder

The Accused

During the following week, the police questioned fifteen or twenty Negroes. Then, ten days after the murder, they began rounding up the Six:

Collis English: On Friday, February 6, the police called at 247 Church Street, the home of Mrs. Emma English, and asked for her son Collis. They said her estranged husband George, who was being held on a rape charge, had complained that Collis was using his car without permission. Collis, an unemployed Navy veteran, was not at home, but Mrs. English promised to have him there that evening. He was waiting for the police at 8 P.M.

Ralph Cooper and Horace Wilson: At

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D'Arcy, Trenton *Times*

Thorpe, English, McKenzie, Wilson, Forrest, Cooper

dawn the next day three squad cars, with Collis English in one of them, drove to Robbinsville, a farming town about six miles from Trenton, largely made up of cement houses for Negro migratory workers. There they picked up two men sleeping in the same room. One was Ralph Cooper, an unemployed farm worker who had come up from Georgia the year before; the other was Horace Wilson, also from the South.

McKinley Forrest: A little later in the day, English's brother-in-law, McKinley Forrest, showed up at headquarters. Forrest, a migrant from Georgia, told police Mrs. English had sent him to see what had happened to Collis. Forrest was detained.

James Thorpe: That afternoon police walked into Polaschek's saloon, a Negro hangout, and approached James Thorpe, whose right arm had recently been amputated because of a motor accident. Police asked Thorpe if he was "Shorty" or "Long John." He said "No." He was arrested.

John McKenzie: Four days later police went back to the English home and picked up John McKenzie, another migrant from Georgia and Forrest's nephew.

At about midnight of that day, the police announced that the six men had been booked for the murder of William Horner.

The police have so far failed to explain several discrepancies: None of the eyewitnesses had mentioned more than four men, including the driver of the car. Eldracher and Mrs. Barclay had described all as light-skinned; Mrs. Horner had said only one was dark, and only one had a mustache; Mrs. Barclay and Mrs. Horner had both said at least one wore eyeglasses. The indicted men looked like this:

English: twenty-three, short, slight, stocky, dark-skinned, mustache, no glasses.
Cooper: twenty-four, short, very dark-skinned, mustache, no glasses.
Wilson: thirty-seven, short, fairly dark-skinned, mustache, no glasses.
Forrest: thirty-five, medium height, stocky, dark-skinned, mustache, no glasses.
Thorpe: twenty-four, medium height, very light-skinned, mustache, no glasses, right arm amputated. (No one had mentioned a missing arm.)
McKenzie: twenty-four, medium height, medium dark-skinned, mustache, no glasses.

None of the men was found to own either a green coat (which Mrs. Barclay mentioned) or a dark-blue double-breasted coat (which both Mrs. Barclay and Mrs. Horner mentioned). George English's car, which police claimed was used for the crime, was not a Plymouth but a black 1935 two-door Ford with a wire wheel on the back.

Five of the men, however, signed confessions, and some of these were quite detailed. One man, Wilson, refused to confess then or later, but he was implicated by the others.

The Confessions

The sequence of confessions is said to have begun with Collis English. He had first been questioned briefly about using his father's car. Then according to police testimony at the first trial, the questioning took the following "lucky" turn:

Q. "You hit the old lady on North Broad Street, didn't you?"
A. "No, I didn't."
Q. "Then you must have hit the old man."
A. "I didn't hit nobody."
Q. "Then where was your car that morning?"
A. "Across the street."

At this point, the police captain in charge testified, English "began to sweat." He said the car was parked across the street from the Horner store, and to the south (*see map*). During the next twenty hours, he offered three different statements, all of which the police discarded as patently false. Under cross-examination, the police captain reported English's fourth try as follows:

Q. "This is the time he told you a more complete story, isn't it?"
A. "We told him the story."
Q. "Ha, ha, you told him the story, is that it?"
A. "We told him what part he took in the crime."

Police notes reveal that English connected some nine names with the crime—"Chancy," "Long John," "Shorty," "Fishy," Brint Kelley, Leon Wright, Ralph Cooper, "Buddy" Wilson, and Spud Green.

English identified Cooper promptly the first morning in Robbinsville, say-

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ing, "Yes, that's Cooper, he's the one hit the old lady." On seeing Horace Wilson, he said, "That's not the Buddy Wilson I mean." Later, however, Cooper identified Wilson as the right Wilson, at which Wilson replied: "God have mercy on my soul! I wouldn't kill no white man."

Police admit they never found Spud Green. They claim that English subsequently identified Forrest as "Chancy"; that he named McKenzie, (*see map*). After the murder, all but McKenzie ran across the street and south to George English's car.

Cooper: English, Forrest, and Thorpe inspected a stove in the back room with Horner. Wilson, who was in the front room with Cooper beside him, struck Mrs. Horner.

Forrest: Cooper, Wilson, and Forrest were in the back room. Wilson and Forrest hit Horner. Cooper and Forrest took money from his pockets.

D'Arcy, Trenton *Times*

Scene of the crime

first as Green, and then as Brint Kelly and Leon Wright; and that he identified Thorpe as "Shorty." In Thorpe's confession, however, it is English himself who is identified as "Shorty."

The final confessions differed in several major particulars:

English: English and Wilson went to the Horner store January 26, and Wilson signed the two-dollar receipt. The next day, English, Wilson, Thorpe, Cooper, and Forrest entered the store. English and Forrest went into the back room, and Forrest hit the old man with a beer bottle; English took a few dollars from Horner's pocket, then Wilson pushed him away from the old man. McKenzie was a lookout around the corner at the Lenox Restaurant

None of these stories jibes entirely with the version Mrs. Horner gave at the first trial and repeated stubbornly at the present trial.

On February 7, two days after she left the hospital, Mrs. Horner was taken to the First Precinct station to look at four of the six men. She could not identify them.

Four months later, on the eve of the first trial in June, 1948, she was shown photographs of the six men and identified four of them. She admitted, under cross-examination, that this happened after she saw the defendants' pictures in the Trenton newspapers "six or seven times."

She said that Cooper had been in the store to look at something about ten days before the murder, and that she had never seen him again. Then she matched the men to her version of the crime as follows:

The two men who came in about the deposit the day before the murder were English and Forrest; and the man who signed the receipt was Forrest. The two men who attacked Horner were English and Forrest. The man who hit her was Wilson. She had not seen any other men in the store during the crime.

She agreed that the light was bad, but she could not be shaken in her testimony. (A police engineer testified that even with the shop's single forty-watt bulb burning, in full daylight, he had had to use a flashlight to examine the premises.)

In court Mrs. Horner was particularly stubborn about Forrest, saying in a clear voice: "This is McKinley Forrest. He's the one signed the receipt." Yet Forrest is an illiterate; his marriage license and paychecks are signed with an "X." A handwriting expert has sworn that Forrest is absolutely incapable of writing his name. Even if the man who signed the receipt was not Forrest but Wilson, as English asserted, the signature would be an enigma. It is written in an easy Palmer Method hand; Wilson can barely sign his name.

No one else has identified the men. Eldracher was never taken to the police station to view them; Mrs. Barclay went, but could not recognize any.

No material evidence that the men were at the scene of the crime has been found. A lieutenant in the police laboratory who checked the alleged murder weapon, a Step Up soda bottle, for fingerprints testified that there had been "fragmentary ridges" or smudges "all over the bottle," but none complete enough to make a print. He did not photograph them but wiped them all off.

The Alibis

At the first trial all the men denied their confessions and offered alibis. Wilson, the one who did not confess, claimed he was working on a potato farm in Robbinsville from 8:00 A.M. to noon on the morning of the crime. His foreman, John Murphy, swore this was true. The time sheet recorded Wilson as having worked four hours that day, and Murphy said it could only have

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been in the morning; the farm did not take on "extras like Wilson" in the afternoon.

The time sheet became another mystery. When it appeared in court, Wilson's name was almost entirely covered with a heavy black blur. Murphy swore the name had been perfectly clear when police took the time book away from him. Prosecutor Mario Volpe said, "Why should there be an erasure there? I have racked my brains . . . We tried every which way to find out why." A police laboratory worker testified later, however, that the blur was caused by applying an iodine mixture to test for erasures. He "would not say [the name] had been erased." The time sheet was not photographed before he made the test.

None of the other alibis was as strong as Wilson's. Many witnesses, like most of the defendants, were illiterate or nearly so. Moreover, the police did not ask for most of their statements until May 15, almost four months after the murder.

According to the confessions, the men were all picked up in the car between 9:10 and 9:30, committed the crime around 10:30 A.M., and left the scene shortly before eleven. These were the alibis:

English claims he was home helping his mother wash clothes all morning, and only went out "after ten" to cash his unemployment check at Duffield's grocery around the corner. His mother said the check came between ten and 10:30 and that he was back by eleven. The check, however, turned up later, endorsed only by English and cashed at a bank. Duffield, the grocer, had no recollection of it.

Cooper says he was at his girl friend's house, and met the mailman with a C.O.D. package between 11:30 and noon. The girl friend confirms this. The mailman agrees on the time, but can't remember if Cooper was there. Since no one in the house had money to pay for the package, there was no signature in his records.

Forrest: Several witnesses, Negro and white, say they saw Forrest on Union Street, going from one poultry store to another to pluck chickens, between 9 and 10:30 A.M. Some time between 10:45 and noon, he was in a bank making a Christmas-fund deposit for one of his employers. There was a fifteen-minute period, therefore, when he might have gone across town for the murder. No one saw him picked up in a car, however, or brought back in one.

McKenzie: Several of the same witnesses, and some others, saw McKenzie on Union Street, also plucking chickens. They agree that he was there until at least eleven. No one saw him picked up in a car.

Thorpe claims he was helping his uncle tinker with a car before his house all that morning. His uncle, father, and several neighbors remember this, but aren't all sure of the day.

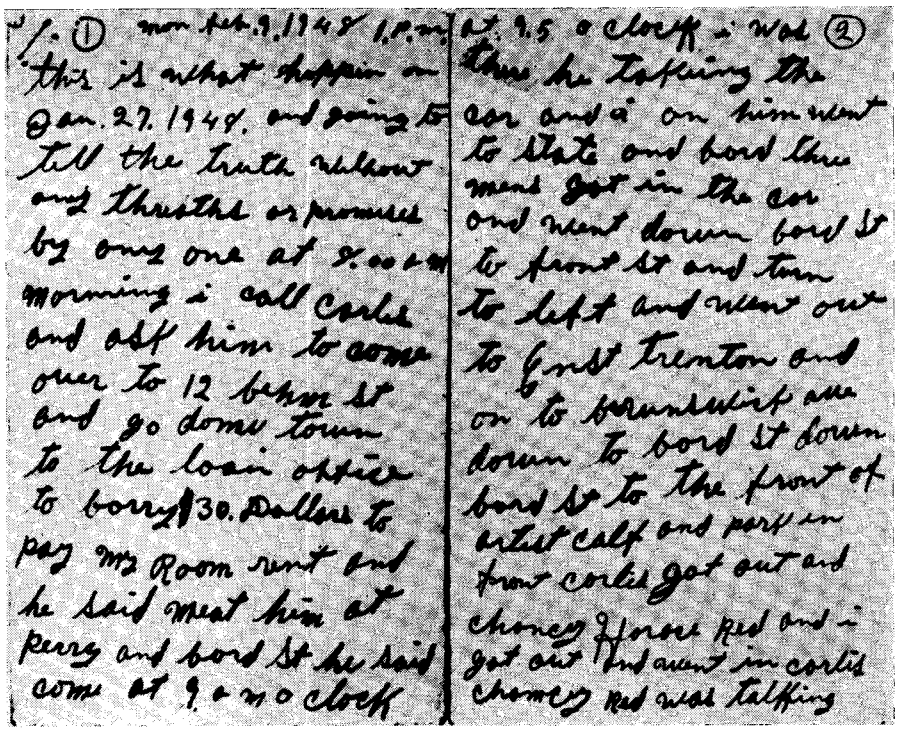
Did They Confess?

The heart of the state's case is the set of confessions. The debate about these confessions, their contents, and the way they were procured has been the real drama in the courtroom at both trials.

The only handwritten statement was Cooper's. It began: "This is what happin on Jan. 27. 1948. and going to tell the truth without any threaths or promises," and ended, "sine by Ralph Cooper nothin but the thure . . ." The others, including a second one from Cooper, were typewritten, in question-and-answer form. The state contends that all were spontaneous and voluntary, and that impartial witnesses at the signing ceremonies found no evidence of physical violence.

The defense charges that all the men except McKenzie were held incommunicado for four and five days; that none was advised of his right to remain silent or told he could have legal counsel; that words were put into their mouths by the ten to fifteen police officers who handled the questioning in shifts; that the men were given marijuana and sodium amytal, a "control" drug; and that they were forced to sign by "psychological and moral pressure."

Throughout the interminable cross-examinations, the police stuck doggedly to their story. English was an "eager and willing" informer. No one had shouted, struck, cursed, or bullied him; "there was no occasion to." Cooper, after learning that English had talked, volunteered "to tell the whole truth" and "seemed relieved afterwards." All had been questioned in a "calm and serene" manner, and had been told that they needn't speak if they didn't want to. None had a lawyer because none asked for one. None had been drugged; there was no medicine in the



Section of Cooper's confession

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station except aspirin, iodine, and antidotal medicine for drunks.

On the stand, most of the defendants were inarticulate, and English and Cooper contradicted themselves wildly. There was some independent testimony, however, to confirm part of the stories they told.

Forrest swore he "blanked out" just before he is said to have signed the confession, and remained "blanked out" for seven days. A Dr. Moore, who had been called in to examine Forrest during the questioning because of his hysterical state, said he left three grains of sodium amytal with the police in case "sedation" should be needed. Turnkeys testified that Forrest was put into solitary confinement after signing his statement because he was "acting queer." A lawyer who visited Forrest in prison said he ". . . was in a crouched position . . . he darted his head back and forth as if there was something behind him, and he started to mumble incoherently about the walls . . . And he complained about the smell: 'Smell it!' . . . there was some vomit to one side of the mattress . . . and there was food thrown indiscriminately around the floor. . . .

Forrest's brother, Robert, who was with the lawyer, said Forrest "had vomit all over him like a pig. He kept saying: 'I don't know what I'm here for. I don't know. [He refused a cigarette, saying] it's no good. Something in it.'"

McKenzie also swore he "blanked out," and he too was put in solitary. He said all he remembered was someone "trying to shoot me through a ventilator in the cell." The turnkeys agreed that he was "talking irrationally" about "big fights, policemen killed," and "policemen all piled up."

The most sensational testimony came from a Negro doctor named J. Minor Sullivan. He had been asked to witness the signing ceremonies and to examine the men for marks of physical violence. During the first trial, his testimony, by and large, supported the police. Except for admitting that Cooper had appeared "drowsy," suggesting that he might have smoked marijuana, he stated that the men had appeared "normal."

In the present trial, however, Sullivan altered and enlarged on his previous testimony. He said he examined the defendants as they were brought, one by one, into a small room, where some ten police officers were gathered. He found that Collis English had a bad heart murmur. Asked if his confession was true, English told him "Yes." English appeared "a little mumbly, or a little confused," Dr. Sullivan said. "His heart condition was "linked with psychoneurosis," and he was "in a highly suggestible state."

Forrest, Dr. Sullivan said, also told him he was guilty, but was so nervous that it was almost impossible for him to remove his clothes for the examination. "He was shaking all over," and was in a state of excitement which could have been amnesia or psychic depression. ". . . I would say he was so afraid he couldn't tell just what was going on."

Thorpe, the one-armed man, told Dr. Sullivan he had nothing to do with the crime. "'Why are you signing, then?' I asked him. 'This is murder, boy,' and he said, well, he was only going to get a few days [*sic*], and he'd serve them out. . . . He was afraid of being whipped on his stump. . . . He was in what I would call a suggestible state. . . . I would say, yes, he had been promised something."

Cooper appeared "drowsy. . . . The first thing that came into my mind . . . was that he had been smoking a reefer . . . I say [his condition] could have been . . . it was . . . caused by marijuana."

The climax of Sullivan's testimony came in his description of McKenzie. "From the symptoms manifested [by McKenzie]," Sullivan said, "a drug could have been used. . . . He was . . . orientated to where he was answering the questions. . . . It seems that he was being controlled. . . . It could have been caused by a drug . . . like sodium amytal . . . [with which] you can put a person in a state of whatever you want. . . ."

A week after Sullivan testified, the presiding judge, Ralph Smalley, ruled that the statements signed by McKenzie and Thorpe and the typewritten statement signed by Cooper could not be admitted as evidence. The jury, he said, must decide on the validity of the others.

On Trial: Justice or Men?

These are the pertinent facts confronting the jury. It must consider four strong arguments in favor of the defendants: the bewildering discrepancies in the confessions; the alibis of varying authenticity; the conflicting eyewitness descriptions of the murderers and the getaway car; and the testimony of Dr. Sullivan.

On the other hand, there are the confessions themselves. The very discrepancies are also an argument for the state: If the police did, indeed, put words into the mouths of innocent men, why didn't they make the stories dovetail? And if they were inventing stories, wouldn't they certainly have invented one good enough to meet all objections?

While these questions make it, at best, a difficult case, it has nevertheless been seized on by many groups who have been less interested in trying the six men than in trying the American judicial system. But if there is any aspect of the case that is by now beyond debate, it is the fairness of that system. On the ground that cogent evidence was kept out of the first trial, the New Jersey supreme court saw fit to order a new one. On the ground that there was a serious doubt about the validity of the confessions, the present presiding judge kept them from the jury until he had reviewed the conditions under which they were secured—and then he ruled three out. Since defense counsel still challenges the other confessions, it has been permitted to establish the legal groundwork that could carry the whole case, if necessary, to the United States Supreme Court.

Whatever injustice might have been done any or all of these men in the past, they have had all the safeguards that our system of law provides. The Communists wanted this to be a trial of American justice. It is not. It is the trial of six men who are innocent until they are proved guilty.

—Claire Neikind

(This is the second of two articles on The Case of the Trenton Six. The first appeared in the May 1 issue of this magazine.)

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The Lonely Prince

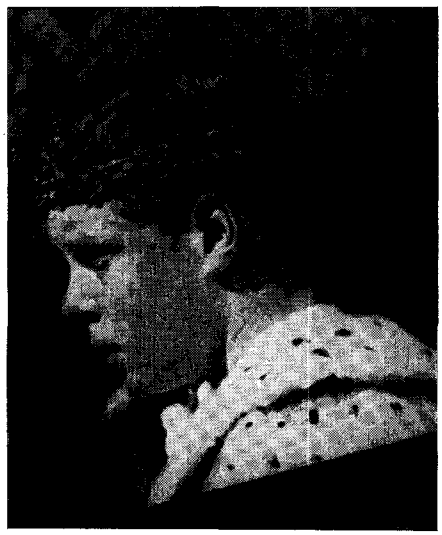
A KING'S STORY . . . The Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor. *G. P. Putnam's Sons, $4.50.*

His misfortune started when they would not let him go to sea with his classmates of the Naval College at Osborne and Dartmouth, after he had worked so hard and was beginning to feel just a little bit like one of the crowd. That might have been an accident, he thought, but when the war came in 1914 and they would not let him fight it, that was the end. He was anchored thenceforth in a sense of apartness, a sense of futility. He tried very hard to be like anyone else, and sometimes he got the illusion that he was like other people when he was riding a horse, perhaps, or dancing in the right kind of night club, or choosing his own friends, as when he liked to drop in for tea or cocktails at the Simpsons. But, as he puts it, his life seemed ". . . duty without decision, service without responsibility, pomp without power." There was no need for all the fuss and excitement that came when he abdicated. Everything had been decided long before.

Sometimes a man's family is enough, and he is never lonely. That is the way it should be for everyone during childhood. But even as a child Edward was too much with tutors; his father had only time enough to teach him the rules that princes must live by, and so he was lonely and turned into a kind of Prince that Machiavelli never foresaw or provided for—a prince whose one desire was to be like other people. It is the poor-little-rich-boy story, of course, but it was worse than that. It was not just that Edward was surrounded by too many servants or that he was transported relentlessly from one great house to another as his parents followed the established British seasons for killing animals or watching them race; that did not separate him from other boys born to the British upper classes of his times. It was that, in a sense peculiar to one in his position, he had inherited not wealth alone but the overwhelming burden of the Victorian age.

His grandfather, Edward VII, in his reign had attempted to break from the oppressive and magnificent past, assisted in his effort by a strong interest in diplomacy and women, but his successor, George V, would not have met with Victoria's disapproval. He was entirely Victorian. It was not so much his virtue, it was his sense of unquestioning assurance that nothing of any importance could change—while all was changing—which made him typical of an age that had seemed eternal and was so rapidly approaching its end.

It is not as difficult as might be thought for Americans to have a feeling for the



European

As Prince of Wales

Victorian circumstances in which the Duke of Windsor grew up. They extended far beyond the boundaries of Empire; they were not incompatible with the way of life in Republican France—Loubet and Fallières were Victorian—they were paralleled in this country, not only, or even mainly, in the Fifth Avenue châteaux of the rich, but in the quiet tree-bordered streets of Midwestern towns. For the Victorian age did not depend on wealth so much as on the assurance of security. It took its name from the great queen, but Victoria stood as an image of her times and did not create them; in these memoirs the age is identified with the British Empire, with Buckingham Palace, Balmoral and Sandringham, with great country houses, white yachts racing at Cowes, pheasant shoots—but its fundamental optimism, its placid trust in progress, its sense of achievement was shared by all the western world.

Built on a hierarchy of classes, with the transition upward from one to another rendered very difficult but not entirely impossible—the stable boy might hope one day to be a groom; the footman might aspire in time to become butler—Victorian society, like the Marxist society, had a creed: Instead of the idea of the inevitable revolution it worshiped the idea of inevitable progress. This enabled it to enter the Machine Age with a minimum of concern.

The Victorian Era lingered in England, on the continent, and in the United States until the war that began in 1914 destroyed its apparatus and its faith. If it is mourned at all—nostalgia is a ridiculous business, since the past is never recaptured—those who mourn it belong to no one nation. The Duke of Windsor does not mourn it.

But it would be a mistake, against which he warns, to assume that Edward "aspired to be the first radical King . . . had an assessment been made at the time of my private views on various issues of the day . . . it would have revealed, I am sure, what would have been classified as a distinctly conservative outlook. I believed among other things, in private enterprise, a strong

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European

As king, with the Dukes of Gloucester and York

British Navy, the long week end, a balanced budget, the gold standard, and close relations with the United States."

His political views were not conducive to any sense of loneliness. His feeling of apartness, pathologically egotistical, came not through revolt but through acceptance. With a child's unreasoning obstinacy he accepted the idea that privilege binds the privileged to a common concept of pleasure and, at times, of duty. One has to be like every other member of the club. His status interfered. Being a prince was worse than having gone to the wrong kind of school. H. G. Wells had struggled to rise; Edward, with little talent to assist him, struggled to sink—just a little way, to the common level of the upper classes. On one occasion, one only, this effort went beyond frivolity.

When the First World War came, the Prince of Wales served on the staff. They would not let him serve at the front. At home he had drilled with his friends in the Guards. When the war came his friends went off to get killed. They took with them their servants, who shined their boots and served them tea. Their prince was not with them when they died. No Government would have allowed him to be with them; he was profoundly blameless—and mortally hurt. It is painful to quote from a letter to his father, but nothing else can show his humiliation and his hurt: "I spent a grand 10 minutes spotting thro. my stalking glass for an officer who had his rifle aimed on a certain spot in a German trench where men could be seen frequently passing & standing. Whenever I saw a man I told him & he fired!! . . . So I spent a most wonderful 2 hrs. this morning; 2 hrs. that I shall never forget."

The child who wrote that letter on March 1, 1915, was within three months of being twenty-one. "Manifestly," he writes in his memoirs, "I was being kept, so to speak, on ice, against the day that death would claim my father. But in the midst of all the slaughter of the Western Front, I found it hard to accept this unique dispensation. My generation had a rendezvous with history, and my whole being insisted that I should share the common destiny . . ."

It was the war years that deepened his solitude and broke him—and all the horses in all the hunting fields of Britain, and all the king's friends, and all the traveling about on battleships, the pig sticking in India, the Long Island parties, could never put him together again.

Later, he persuaded himself that union with Mrs. Simpson would right all wrongs. "It is not a question merely of happiness," he told her aunt, Mrs. Merryman, in the course of one of the most embarrassing conversations ever reported. "I cannot with full heart carry out my duties in the loneliness that surrounds me." But by that time it was too late.

That is why his abdication from the throne, exciting and dramatic at the time, seems now, in perspective, to have been both unavoidable and unimportant—a bulletin posted by Tristan himself announcing that he had gone where none could follow, a sort of notarized ex post facto proclamation that the king had entered the closed world of personal desire from which nothing could ever extract him.

All the apparatus for classical tragedy was available; there was a Shakespearean air about the scene. A king laid bare his heart: "At long last I am able to say a few words of my own"; there was the customary Shakespearean cast of courtiers: an archbishop plotting in the background, the king's Minister, Stanley Baldwin, the traditional confidant, Walter Monckton, hurrying about with messages. But it was false Shakespeare. There was no great issue. The loneliness had come too early and had been too great.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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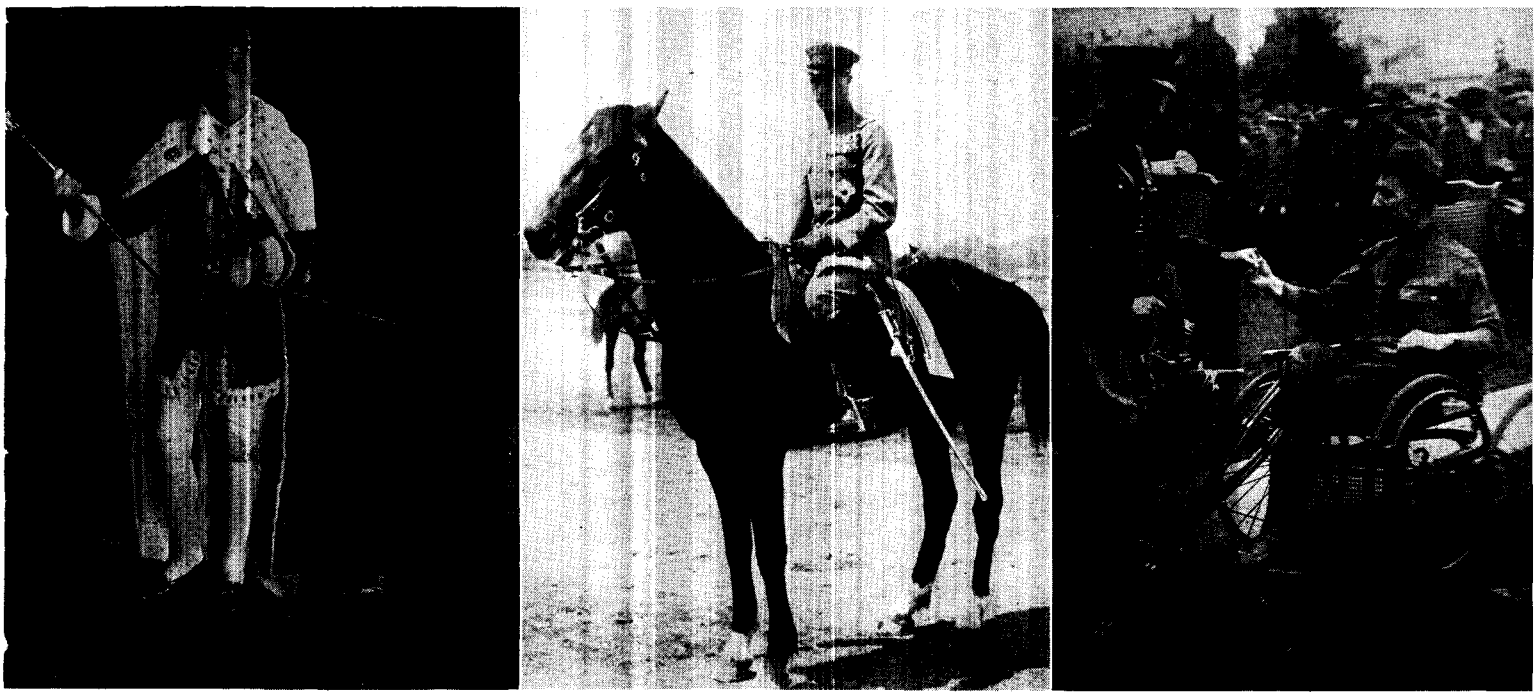
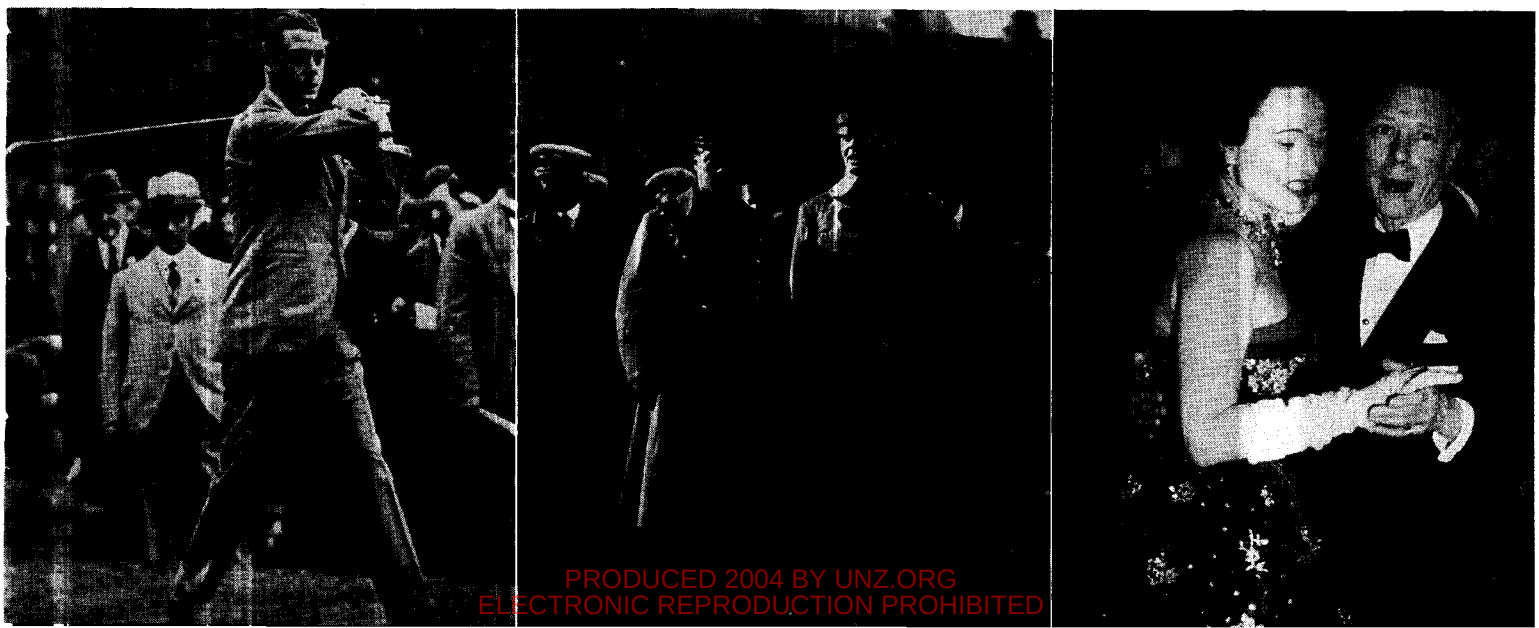
Edward of Windsor with: chums, grandpa, bicycle . . .



. . . ermine, Japanese uniform, U. S. doughboy; (below) golf club, MacArthur, wife



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